HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 744.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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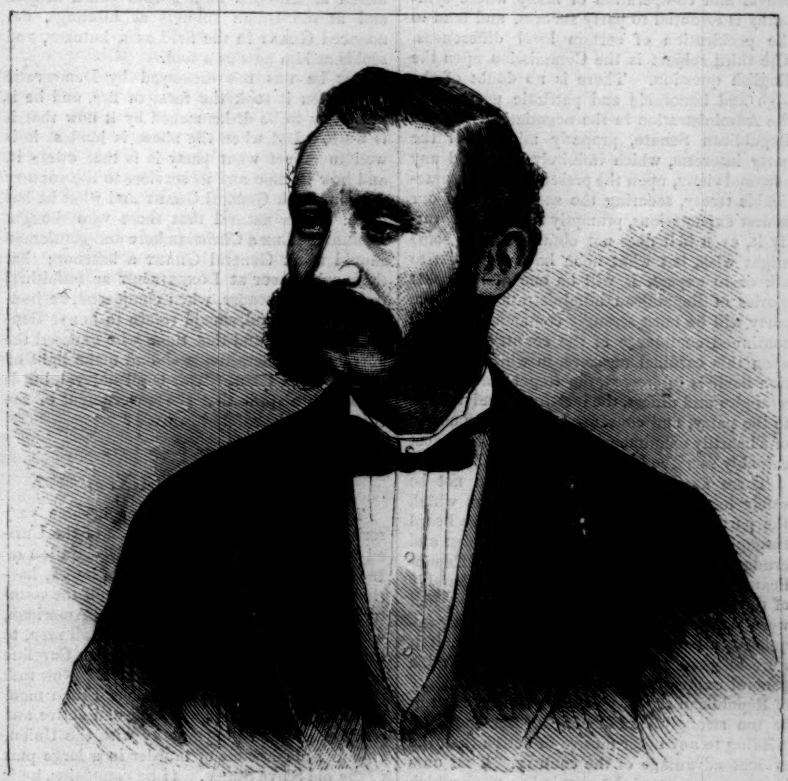
CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

ON the 25th of last February the steamship *Europa* sailed from Glasgow for this port with 195 steerage and 10 cabin passengers. For the first few days she experienced squally weather, which increased to a gale from the west, with sleet and a heavy cross-sea, on the 1st of March. The storm gradually increased in fury during the next two days, and toward evening of the 3d rose to such a pitch that the sails were double reefed, and the ship was put under very slow steam. By eight o'clock the situation was terrible. The night was pitch-dark, the air filled with driving sleet and flying spray. The wind screamed and whistled through the rigging, and huge waves struck heavily against the sides of the gallant vessel, which groaned and shivered at every blow.

The commander, Captain **MACDONALD**, whenever he could snatch a moment from his duties on deck, used his utmost endeavors to calm and cheer his passengers and allay their apprehensions. About half past nine on Friday evening, March 3, he left the cabin, where he had been sitting in conversation with the passengers, and in company with a gentleman of this city, who wanted to take a look at the storm, went on deck. A sudden lurch cooled the passenger's curiosity, and he turned to go down, calling out to the captain to take care of himself. He had scarcely seated himself in the cabin when the passengers were startled by a tremendous crash, followed by the cry, "Captain overboard!" Springing up the steps, he saw at a glance the extent of the disaster. A tremendous wave had struck the bridge—the captain's look-out on all European-built steamers—beneath the starboard side, twisting the horizontal iron railing into a perpendicular position, and tearing the planking up like paper. This broke the wave, and its crest fell with a crash upon the leeward side of the bridge, snapping the stanchions and grinding that part of the flooring into kindling wood. The almost solid mountain of water then bounded off into the sea again, staving in two boats, and breaking the main boom. In its passage it overwhelmed the captain and the first and third mates, and swept them far out into the ocean.

Startled by the cries of the sailors, Mr. **FINLAY**, the second mate, rushed, half dressed, upon deck. He bounded to the taffrail just in time to see three black specks disappearing in the darkness behind. Screaming to the men to throw out ropes and life-buoys, he sprang to the hatchway and signaled to the engineer to stop the engine. The ship was speedily slowed and stopped, and the buoys and ropes were cast into the waves, but without avail. The ship soon began to pay off in the trough of the sea, and Mr. **FINLAY** was compelled to order the engines to move again slowly. A strict look-out was kept for the lost captain and mates; but they had gone down in mid-ocean.



CAPTAIN MACDONALD, LOST OVERBOARD FROM THE "EUROPA" IN THE GALE OF MARCH 3.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. A. LEWIS.]

The news of this terrible disaster was carefully kept from all but the cabin passengers. The remainder of the night was passed in prayer and tears. Meantime the gale became a tornado, which continued through Sunday and Monday. To add to the terrors of the situation, the news of the captain's death became known to the steerage passengers. A kind of mutiny ensued, a mass-meeting was held, and a committee was sent to Mr. **FINLAY** to demand that he should put into the nearest port. But the cool-headed officer succeeded in pacifying them, and brought the ship into the port of New York without further trouble. He deserves the highest credit for his skillful performance of a very difficult duty.

Captain **MACDONALD**, whose portrait is given on this page, was a native of Greenock, about thirty-three years of age, and unmarried. His mother is living in Greenock, and dependent upon her son for support. He was captain fifteen years, during six of which he was in the employ of the Anchor line. He had command of the *Caledonia* at first, and after three voyages was transferred to the *Europa*, which vessel he commanded to the day of his death. Just before leaving New York on the last home trip Captain **MACDONALD** sat for his photograph to Mr. R. A. **LEWIS**, of Chatham Street, and requested him to have the picture ready for him on his return. Through the courtesy of Mr. **LEWIS** we are able to lay before our readers the portrait of this brave man.

STORM ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

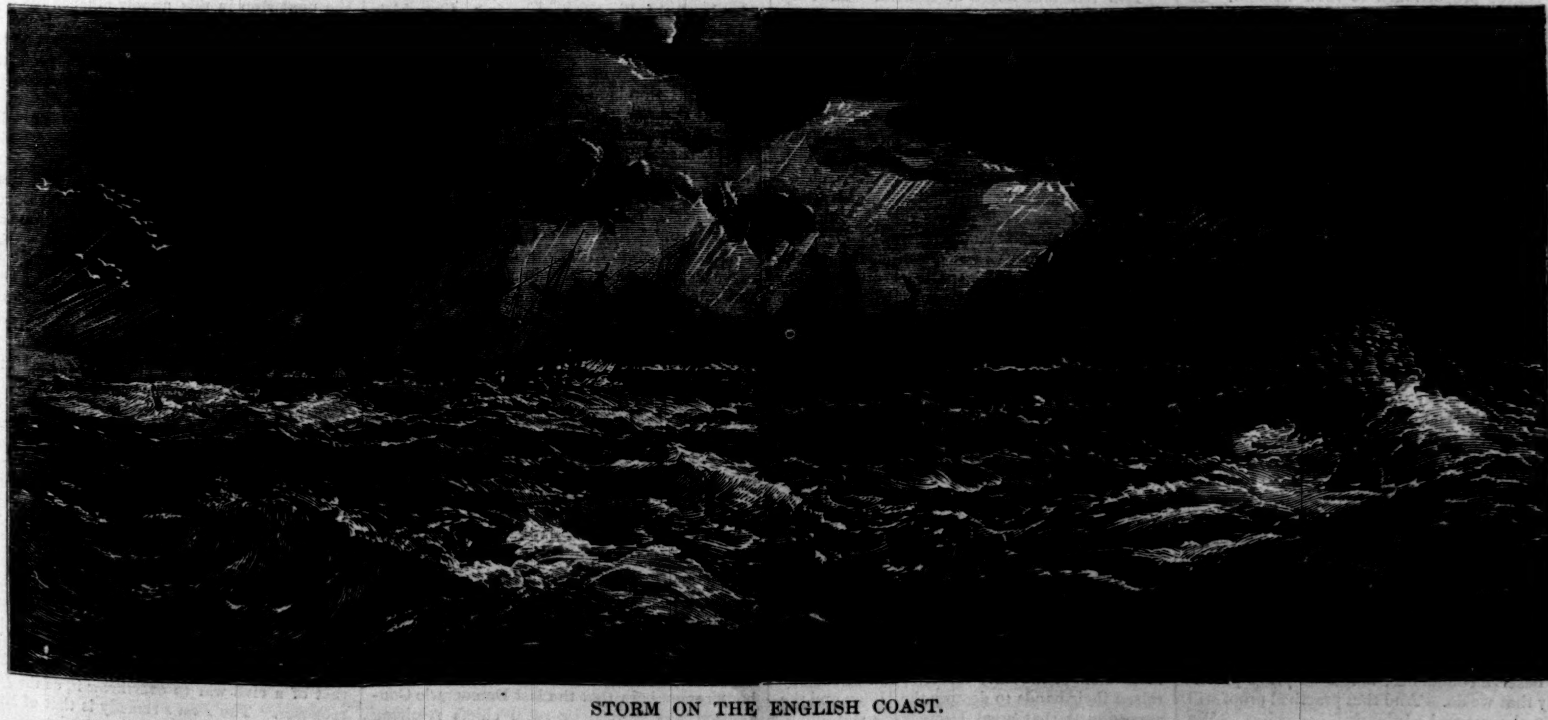
THE sad calamity depicted in the second engraving on this page occurred on the 16th of February on the Yorkshire coast of England. A few days previous a large fleet of coasters passed southward, many of them bound for France with supplies of fuel. Early on the following morning a strong gale began to blow. One or two of the vessels succeeded in reaching a harbor, while the better built and better manned of the fleet rode out the gale in safety at sea; but the rest, unable to accomplish this, ran ashore and became total wrecks. The scene at Bridlington Bay is described as heart-rending. Shortly before noon no less than nine vessels were pitching about at the mercy of the wind and waves in the basin on the north side of the pier, and in all some eighteen or twenty vessels were lost. The crews of five vessels were brought off by life-boats; but in attempting to rescue a poor fellow who was seen clinging to a wreck a life-boat was swamped by a tremendous wave, and her officer and crew of six gallant men were lost. The next day twenty-three of the recovered bodies were buried in the church-yard of Bridlington.

When the morning after the storm dawned the beach presented a most singular appearance, resembling a huge timber-yard, while dotted here and there at intervals were the remains of vessels more or less broken up.

NO BONES IN THE OCEAN.

MR. **JEFFREY** has established the fact that bones disappear in the ocean. By dredging it is common to bring up teeth, but rarely ever a bone of any kind; these, however compact, dissolve if exposed to the action of the water but a little time. On the contrary, teeth—which are not bones any more than whales are fish—resist the destroying action of the sea-water indefinitely. It is, therefore, a powerful solvent. Still the popular opinion is that it is a brine. If such were the case, the bottom of all the seas would long ago have been shallowed by immense accumulations of carcasses and products of the vegetable kingdom constantly floating into them.

Dentine, the peculiar material of which teeth are formed, and the enamel covering them, offer extraordinary resistance to those chemical agencies which resolve other animal remains into nothingness. Mounds at the West, tumuli in Europe and Asia, which are believed to antedate sacred history for thousands of years, yield up perfectly sound teeth, on which time appears to have no impression whatever.



STORM ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 1, 1871.

☞ *In this Number of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will find the opening chapters of* Charles Reade's *New Story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

with Original Illustrations, *in addition to those which appear in the English edition.*

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the first of a series of illustrated papers on* "Dogs and their Doings," *which can not fail to prove exceedingly interesting, especially to the reading public of Young America; another installment of the* "Memories of Distinguished Authors," *giving personal reminiscences of* Charles Lamb, *with portrait and other illustrations; a full-page Cartoon, entitled* "His Picture—Killed at the Front;" *and the usual variety of Sketches, Stories, etc.*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE result of the election in New Hampshire shows a Republican apathy which is alarming, because it may lead to the greatest of national disasters—the restoration of the Democratic party to power. We ask any man in that State, or in any other, who has hitherto sustained the Republican party, what advantage the success of the Democratic party could possibly bring to the country? Does any intelligent citizen who is familiar with the history of that party, or with the influences that now control it, look to it for greater purity, efficiency, or economy of administration? Does any such citizen wish to see the men and the means that now direct the State and city of New York brought into the national administration? Does any body believe that the peace of the country would be more assured by a party which is supported by the Ku-Klux Klan, and which has only scorn and contempt for the loyal men of the Southern States? Or because of conspicuous mistakes upon the part of the Republicans, or of personal disappointments and chagrins, are sensible and practical men ready to surrender the national government to a party which includes every enemy of the popular principle and of truly national union?

If we should be reminded that we have ourselves sometimes severely criticised Republican action, we reply that in no other way could Republican fidelity be shown. It is because of our profound conviction of the necessity of continued Republican dominance to the peace and prosperity of the country that we have criticised conduct which seemed to us likely to shake confidence in the party and its policy. Plainly, if every paper in the country friendly to Republican ascendency should praise indiscriminately every measure of Congress or every suggestion of the Administration, or should be silent where it could not commend, the result would infallibly be what we saw in the Democratic party a dozen years ago. It is the vigorous Republican protest against Republican errors which proves that the party is a truly living force, and not a mere machine. No criticism is to be deprecated, however severe, when it is seen to be that of a friend; and friendly remonstrance, however earnest, is very easily distinguished from hostility.

The party in power, it must be remembered, is most seriously affected by the action of the government at Washington. For a party is judged not only by its principles, but by the conduct of its representatives in the executive and legislative departments. They are subject to a hundred influences, the force of which is in no degree proportioned to their wisdom. In the heat of debate, for instance, and under the stress of personal feeling, Congress may pass measures which would certainly be condemned by the calmer judgment of the members themselves. So the President, who, despite himself, is surrounded by flatterers seeking personal favors, is really excluded from a knowledge of the tendency of public opinion and of his own party feeling, and may therefore do much that friendly remonstrance would have prevented. Now the duty both of the Republican press and of the Republican leaders arising from this situation is obvious, and it is mutual. The party press in the country is honorably and for the interest of its party bound to represent to the managers at Washington what public opinion really is, and those authorities are equally bound to heed its voice rather than the interested representations immediately about them, or what may often prove to be their own misconceptions of the real political situation. This, indeed, is the great value of an independent party press. If it merely echoes, records, and approves the measures of the party managers, it is contemptible.

The result in New Hampshire shows dissatisfaction. But this can be removed by careful consideration of the measures with which the Republican party shall be identified, and by a constant and simple statement of the real position and inevitable tendency of the Democratic party. The two can not be separated. It is not enough to show that the opposition does not deserve confidence, unless we prove practically that we do. And that practical proof will lie in the general wisdom of our policy. We will mention three points upon which wise action will be of incalculable service to the Republican party.

The first is the San Domingo question. It is plainly a subject upon which opinion in the party is divided, and therefore great urgency in pressing it to a decision would be extremely unwise. However favorable the report of the Commission may be, let the party be heard both upon the report and upon the general question. Then let the decision depend upon the evident feeling of the party. The failure of annexation will alienate no Republican. Peremptory pressure of the measure will certainly propitiate none. The second subject is the reform of the civil service. The late Congress left the responsibility with the President, who had wisely urged action upon the question. Should he at once begin the reform by a practicable system of competitive examinations, and by favoring Senator Fenton's suggestion of a fixed term of office, the reform honestly and vigorously begun will command the hearty approval and co-operation of many whose sympathy is essential to party success, and tend to the pacification of certain local differences. The third subject is the Commission upon the English question. There is no doubt of the high and honorable and patriotic purpose of the Administration in the negotiation. If the Republican Senate, properly mindful of the party interests, which infinitely transcend any personal views, upon the presentation of a practicable treaty, securing the satisfaction of our honest expectations, promptly and unitedly ratify it, even if it does not obtain all that some might wish, but what none have the right to ask or to expect, it will be one of the great glories of Republican administration, and the party will be most strongly commended to the continued confidence of the country. But if upon this cardinal measure, in which civilization itself is interested, the Republican Senate wrangles and differs, the inestimable advantage to the party, and consequently to the country, of a heartily unanimous settlement will be most culpably sacrificed.

These are opportunities which can not be safely lost. They are measures upon which the party in the country may wisely be heard through the press, and upon which sudden and crude action will be most unfortunate. Republicans who would feel and speak very harshly of the San Domingo project, for instance, if it were "rushed through," will undoubtedly acquiesce, although they may not approve, if it were adopted after ample deliberation and a general expression of opinion. The necessity of Republican sagacity at this moment can not be too strongly stated, nor the fatal peril of yielding to any other motive of action than the evident advantage of the country. That ours is a government of the people is a truth which perpetually vindicates itself. They may not be always wise, and they judge by general observation. That the result of that observation is not at this moment favorable, the New Hampshire election shows. Yet it is not made unfavorable because of what is said about certain measures, but because of the measures themselves; and if those measures have been criticised, it was only that such results might be avoided. We have no doubt whatever that the apathy in New Hampshire, although unexpected and disagreeable, will be of the greatest service, by leading to a better mutual understanding among Republicans.

THE PRESIDENT.

The ferocious abuse of General Grant by the Democratic press is an illustration of the real feeling of that party. It can not forgive his victory over the rebellion. It hopes by a fog of slander to obscure the national remembrance of his great and glorious service to the country. But the people of the United States know very well that the worst mistake of his administration is white as snow compared with the deeds of that nest of traitors and rebels, the last Democratic national administration. While the Democratic papers sneer at the cabinet, whose personal character and efficient official service they can not question, the people have not forgotten the last Democratic cabinet, in which Jeremiah S. Black, who declared that the Union could not lawfully be maintained by arms, was Secretary of State; and Howell Cobb, one of the chief rebel chiefs, was Secretary of the Treasury, plotting to destroy the national credit; and Jacob Thompson was Secretary of the Interior; and Isaac Toucey, who sent the national ships out of reach, was Secretary of the Navy; and John B. Floyd, who tried to transfer the national arms to rebels before the war began, who fled as a rebel general from Fort Donelson, and who died execrated by every honorable American, was Secretary of War.

This precious society of patriots was the last cabinet which the Democratic party furnished to the country, and its head was James Buchanan, whose supporters now gibe at General Grant! James Buchanan was the faithful instrument of the slave-masters, and when they raised their hands to destroy the Union and the government, that great Democratic statesman, under the advice of Jeremiah Black, whimpered that they had no right to do so, but that the country had no right to help itself! These were the men whom the Democratic party and papers, which now abuse General Grant, called to power when they last carried a national election. And the party is not changed. As it was the organization by which slavery worked its will then, so it is that by which the Ku-Klux would work its will now. As it elected Vance to the Senate from North Carolina, and Blair from Missouri, when he said that he would undo reconstruction by the army, so it would send Jefferson Davis from Mississippi, and Robert Toombs from Georgia, could it but have a little more encouragement.

The Democratic hatred of General Grant is the Ku-Klux hatred of loyal men in the Southern States. He is the perpetual monument of the crushed rebellion. His presence in the White House is the constant assertion of the supremacy of the Republican principles of liberty, union, and law. The same spirit which hissed at Lincoln as a gorilla and a despot, and at the Union soldiers as hirelings, denounced Grant in the field as a butcher, and scolds at him now as a fool.

But he was not dismayed by Democratic rage when it took the form of fire, and he is not likely to be disheartened by it now that it is froth. But when the abuse is loudest it is well to reflect what party it is that utters it, and how its men and its services to the country compare with General Grant and what he has done. It is natural that those who thought Robert E. Lee a Christian hero and gentleman should think General Grant a butcher; that those who sneer at Longstreet as unfaithful to his cause because, when conquered, he honestly surrendered, should refuse to honor General Thomas; and that those who excused the horrors of Andersonville should make light of the Ku-Klux Klan. This is all natural, but is it to such a spirit that the government of the country can be safely intrusted?

THE KU-KLUX.

The Ku-Klux question has become very serious. Before the war a citizen of the United States who believed in the Declaration of Independence, and said so, was outlawed, harried, and liable to be murdered in half the country. It was safer for a free-tongued American, who held to the rightful equality of all men, to travel in Central Africa than in South Carolina under the flag of the United States. Now that the war is ended, no conspicuous Union man, and no colored citizen who takes an active and positive position in sympathy with the Union, is safe from assault or murder in a large part of the old Slave States. If he complains, he is told that the local courts are open to him. If he replies that the mob holds the courts, and that he has the same protection that the Abolitionist in the interior of Mississippi had against the slavery assassins fifteen years ago, he is told that he has the ballot, and he must right himself at the polls. If he replies that the mob, which is supreme, prevents his voting, he is told that that is his misfortune, but that the United States authority can only interfere in a State upon the requisition of the governor. If he says that the governor is the Ku-Klux, he is told that it is a pity; but that the principle of the government requires that every State must protect its citizens. And he is asked, in turn, if the United States should interfere at its pleasure in every State by a mere resolution of Congress, how would it be with him if his friends should lose power, and the friends of the Ku-Klux come in? To which he would, of course, reply that it would certainly be no worse for him—and it would not. But how would it be elsewhere and hereafter?

The question is undeniably a very grave and difficult one. The States rights answer, however, is very short and simple. The Southern States, it says, from an unnatural fostering of slavery and the inevitable consequences of war, have lapsed into quasi-barbarism, and they must work themselves clear. They must learn by experience. They must civilize themselves. This answer would be more satisfactory if the barbarians were not voters in a common Union, and adherents of a great party which contests its government. In view of that fact the practical question immediately is, whether that situation of things could be changed by legislation. And if it could, if the protection of those whom the Ku-Klux keeps from the polls by terror would prevent the national government falling into the hands of the Ku-Klux party, ought they not to be protected and the government saved?

Granting, as every sensible man must, that the process of reconstruction has been altogether too swift, and that the States in rebellion should, under the peculiar circumstances, have been much longer directly held by the national authority, shall nothing be done to avoid the ill effects of the haste, even to the control of the government by its open enemies? For every man knows what spirit would animate a Democratic national administration. Every body remembers that the last Democratic Convention was swayed by rebel chiefs rejoicing in their rebellion, and that a great portion of the party see with satisfaction now the very barbarism of which we speak. If our political system really be one which forbids the government to protect its own citizens when voting for its officers, and which requires the country to look on passively while mobs controlling various State authorities harry those voters, it will certainly be necessary to reconsider some of our raptures over the infinite superiority of the American to all other possible systems of government. But if the United States authority will amply protect its citizens at the national polls, and secure the equal liberty which it guarantees, it will, perhaps, solve the problem. For then its military force would be large enough in every disaffected State, without superseding the local authority, to give heart to good citizens.

THE DEMOCRATIC AND ROMAN CATHOLIC ALLIANCE.

The resolution unanimously adopted by the recent preachers' meeting of the Methodists in this city is a very timely and vigorous expression of the opinion of representatives of one of the most powerful and important religious bodies in the country. The resolution is as follows:

> "*Whereas*, In the present and prospective condition of ecclesiastical bodies in this State, great abuses are inseparable from the continuance of State and municipal gifts to churches and church institutions; therefore
>
> "*Resolved*, That we respectfully and earnestly advise all our Methodist churches and institutions neither to ask nor accept any such appropriations."

That is the only true position, simply and effectively stated. We pointed out last week that a political alliance is virtually effected between the Democratic party and the Roman Catholics—the only political sect in the country—and that the necessity of the alliance to the Democratic party is so great that it will not hesitate to yield to any demand which that sect may make.

A signal additional proof of this alliance, and of its inevitable consequences, has been offered since our article was written. In pursuance of their plan of holding absolute power in the city under Democratic forms—which was the system of Louis Napoleon in France—the clique, or Ring, which made the new Charter has, by a legislative bill, constituted themselves a Board of Apportionment, which is to determine, with one or two exceptions, how the money raised by taxation in the city of New York is to be disbursed. This grant of absolute power is limited only by the restrictions that the distribution must be "to the departments and purposes of the city and county government;" and this restriction is nullified by a clause which authorizes the Board to transfer any excess of appropriation "to such other purpose" as they please.

Under such loose, and, of course, intentionally loose, restrictions, these masters of the city, interpreting the "purpose" of the government at their pleasure, may, and, in view of their antecedents, will, devote the public money to private sectarian uses. The proof of this intention, again, is ample. When Mr. Tweed moved his bill to the third reading, the Republican Senator Kennedy presented an amendment absolutely forbidding the new Board and the other city authorities to appropriate any public money, or the city property or credit, to any private or sectarian school, or to any institution under the control of any religious denomination. Mr. Tweed instantly opposed the amendment, and rallied his followers. Upon the vote every Republican was recorded in favor of the amendment, and every Democrat against it. Thus the next step in this unholy alliance has been taken. The Roman Catholic interest will no longer need to make an open appeal to the Legislature. The new Board, composed of the Ring, will give whatever is thought necessary, without publicity.

This is a very grave question, and one which intelligent citizens can not too seriously consider. Is it desirable for American liberty and progress that a party whose policy and measures are dictated in any degree by the interests of the Roman Catholic denomination shall be the ruling party in this country?

THE MEXICAN METHOD.

The project of a bill to protect the lives and liberty of citizens of the United States in certain parts of the Union having been suggested in a Congressional caucus in Washington, the *Evening Post* recommended resistance "at all hazards" if it became a law. But in thus counseling civil war as the remedy of what it considers unconstitutional legislation the *Post* evidently forgot the theory and principle of a popular government like ours. Such a government proposes to remove the necessity of the revolution which the *Post* recommends, by providing that the law-making power shall be constantly renewed by the people. It assumes that any law which is found to work injury to the general welfare will be soon repealed, and that the calamity of the enforcement of a bad law, which can soon be changed, is incalculably less than that of a civil war to overthrow it, as the *Post* proposes. The *Post's* remedy is that of Mexico, and of those who are called red republicans every where. But we assure it that it is not the American method.

The mischief of such counsels at this time is obvious. And when the *Post* proceeds to say that a law which it thinks to be unconstitutional, properly passed and enforced, would be a new rebellion against the Union, which would be as resolutely put down as the last, it merely echoes in substance the argument of secession—namely, that any State which thought the Constitution violated to its injury might withdraw from the Union. We have seen in no paper whose opinions are unquestionably honest and patriotic, as those of the *Post* are, so lamentable a misconception of the American doctrine, and so crude and unwise a treatment of a grave public question.

The better method, it seems to us, would be to show Congress and the country the unconstitutionality and disastrous consequences of what is believed to be an "atrocious" project, instead of advising every man to resist, at all hazards, a law which he thinks to be unconstitutional or oppressive. As a fact, the project of the law, whose object, as the *Post* knew, was not oppression, but simply the protection of innocent and outraged citizens of the United States, was dropped—it was not even read in the caucus—and the sole result of the *Post's* vehement statement of its misconception of the rightful resort to revolution was to fasten upon the Republican party the odium of an atrocious intention.

PELL-MELL LEGISLATION.

If the House of Representatives wishes to simplify the tariff, both Republicans and Democrats should have a clearer conception of principles than was disclosed by the late pell-mell attack upon the revenue by both parties, when the duties on coal, salt, and tea and coffee were abolished. A few of the leading men upon each side understand, of course, the principles upon which the modern theory of raising a public revenue rests. But it is intensely amusing to observe that the Democratic representatives, who are fond of calling their party a revenue tariff party, voted, with eight exceptions only, directly against the vital principle of a revenue tariff. That principle, we may remind our readers who wish to have free tea and coffee, is that revenue should be raised upon articles with the production of which we enter into no competition, because all the money so received goes directly to the treasury. But, in the other case, a duty laid upon productions with which we compete tends both to the exclusion of the foreign article and to the increased price of the domestic; so that while little money goes into the public treasury from the duty, a great deal goes out of private pockets to pay the increased price.

But the chief objection to such headlong legislation as that of which we speak is the destruction of confidence, and the consequent paralysis of industry. We have an enormous debt, upon which we must annually pay a corresponding interest. A great revenue is, therefore, indispensable, and a large part of it must be raised by a tariff upon imports. Now if Congress shows that it is guided by no intelligent principle, that it will have neither a protective nor a revenue tariff, but may to-day strike suddenly at one great vested interest, and to-morrow at another, not only will intelligent men of all parties be disgusted, but the utmost uncertainty and consequent panic will fall upon vast industries. The public credit will be wounded, and the national prosperity imperiled.

The action of the House will probably be corrected by the Senate. But it is evident that since Congress will have to deal with the most important revenue questions, it has done wisely in resolving to adjourn, to devote itself, let us hope, to the mastery of some of the elementary principles of political economy.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

The officers of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have issued an address to the public briefly stating their purposes and their action hitherto. A charter has been obtained. There has been careful reflection and action upon the part of the executive committee, and a liberal subscription, amounting thus far to about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, has been received. Nothing is payable until the subscription reaches the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which will be large enough to begin the active work of collection with the certainty of success. A bill is now before the Legislature which will provide a suitable building for the purposes of the Museum, and two of the most energetic of the gentlemen interested hold two admirable galleries, bought in Europe under most favorable circumstances, at the disposition of the Museum. The enterprise is in the hands of those who are best fitted for its successful prosecution, and every one who subscribes may be entirely confident that the very best use will be made of his money.

The chief purpose of this Museum, as the address says, is to illustrate the history of art through all its changes. And art is a word which is most liberally interpreted by the Museum. It includes industrial and decorative as well as what is distinctively called fine art. And the object of the Museum is to furnish the most ample opportunities of study to every student of every branch of art. Of course such a view does not contemplate every invention, but those in which beauty is a conscious and essential element—the arts, in the most generous sense, of design. A great city without such a museum is not a metropolis. It still wants one of the means of the highest cultivation, such as can be provided only where great centres of population accumulate great wealth. To give New York this crowning glory is the honorable and natural wish of every good citizen, and that the work should be the fruit of voluntary gifts is a not less honorable desire. The project is now before the public, and every one who is interested is solicited to lend such aid as he can.

SENATOR FENTON'S CUSTOMS BILL.

In submitting a bill reforming the present method of collecting the customs Senator Fenton spoke very warmly in favor of civil service reform. He said, indeed, that "the very essence of popular government lies in associated political action;" by which he means, we presume, that the civil service should be in the hands of partisans of the administration. This is, of course, fatal to the true principle of the reform, which is that the tenure should be honesty and efficiency, not party sympathy; but the Senator added that it was a danger that "parties seek perpetuation by the use of patronage." And when he remarked that "those who hold positions under the government should be faithful servants of the republic and her laws, not suppliant tools of the appointing power," and that Marcy's famous phrase, "To the victors belong the spoils," should be the rule no longer, he said what every friend of good government will heartily applaud, and what it is very refreshing to hear in the Senate of the United States.

Senator Fenton ended his speech, which offered many suggestions worthy of very careful consideration, by a proposition which, if adopted, would spare the Administration a serious and ever-recurring perplexity. This was that all customs officers whose appointment requires the concurrence of the Senate should be appointed for four years, nor be removed except for cause, and upon charges properly presented. This would compel very great care in the original selection of such officers, and enforce regard to their special qualifications. There is no doubt that very many reforms could be introduced with advantage to the country, as the Senator suggests, in the whole customs service. The only unpleasant consideration in regard to the bill is that it seriously affects the New York Custom-house, which has been a subject of such bitter feeling between the Senator and other Republicans as inevitably to suggest a thought of vengeance. We certainly ascribe no such motive to the Senator. The suggestions themselves are, indeed, not less important for that reason; but, under the circumstances, it would have been better had they proceeded from some one else. But we hope that the Senate will take up the subject in earnest. The public service can not be too simple, too economical, nor too efficient.

NOTES.

We hear with sincere regret of the death of Mr. Sampson Low, Jun., of London. He has been long associated with his father, whose name, as a publisher, is most favorably known, and was a man of sterling qualities, intelligently and quietly devoted to his business, and a most faithful friend. The house of Low & Son has long held intimate and agreeable relations with this country, and the surviving members will be sure of the cordial sympathy of a circle of warm American friends.

Mr. David Dudley Field has published, since our article of last week was printed, a reply to some of the charges made by General Barlow, and he states his intention of replying to the general accusation more at length. Mr. Field's present reply is a denial of certain points in General Barlow's letters, as summarized by the *Tribune*. He denies absolutely that he was in the conspiracy to bring Judge Barnard to the city to hold court at night in a private house. Public judgment will properly be suspended until Mr. Field's reply is fully made. But he understands, of course, that to be satisfactory it must be simple, direct, and intelligible. It is not a question of legal casuistry, but of morals.

Mr. T. Addison Richards, the urbane and efficient secretary of the National Academy of Design, has now on view at the Somerville Gallery about a hundred of his paintings, which will be sold on Wednesday evening, March 29. Mr. Richards's landscapes are pleasantly familiar to every visitor of the Academy exhibitions, and the present collection includes some of his most characteristic works.

One of the most entertaining, and therefore one of the most successful, of our public lecturers is M. Paul du Chaillu, whose books on African adventure and discovery have made his name familiar to thousands of readers. So eager were the young folks of Columbus, Ohio, to see the man who first made the gorilla known outside of his native wilds that the public schools were closed on the occasion of his recent lecture in that city, and the pupils attended *en masse* to listen to his instructive and entertaining narrations and descriptions.

The Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, the admirable scholar and historian of the Methodist Church, has been associated with Rev. Dr. Crook in the editorship of *The Methodist*, which is one of the most vigorous and sagacious of our weekly contemporaries.

The San Domingo correspondence of the *Tribune* has been admirable. It is graphic and picturesque, and its account of President Baez deserves attention:

> "The fact is, Senator Sumner spoke nothing but the truth when he called Baez 'a political jockey.' He jockeys his people, and he has done his best to jockey the Commissioners. He completes the thing by dressing as much like a jockey as any man can in the tropics. When he came aboard the *Tennessee* he reminded me at once of a horse-race. The Dominican flag was run up to the mast-head of this beautiful frigate, the officers grouped themselves on deck in full-dress uniform, with swallow-tail coats, epaulets, white trowsers, and cocked hats; a salute was fired of twenty-one guns: and the man for whom all this parade was made came on board in a brilliant jacket, light pantaloons, and a crimson velvet jockey cap trimmed elaborately with gold-lace, and looking, to tell the plain truth, like a shrewd and rather tricky 'sport.' He has no wife, but scores of children. He has no salary, but he lives in luxury while the soldiers starve. He has neither character nor courage, and he can not quell a contemptible insurrection, though his nominal power is almost absolute. In a republic he rules like a royal despot. And yet, as I said before, he is popular, and practically there is no respectable opposition to his government."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a meeting of the American Ethnological Society of New York held in October, 1869, a committee was appointed for the purpose of organizing a new body upon the basis of the society just mentioned, to be entitled the Anthropological Institute of New York. This committee lately issued invitations to the members of the Ethnological Society, and others interested, to attend at the house of Mr. E. G. Squier on the 19th of March, in order to complete the proposed arrangements by adopting a constitution and by-laws, to be formally presented to the meeting. In the present interest which attaches to studies relating to the past and present history of mankind, and the development of civilization, it is much to be hoped that this new society will establish itself on a firm foundation in New York, and carry out the mission projected for it by its founders.

A similar transformation of the Ethnological and the Anthropological societies of London into the "Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland" has recently been referred to in our columns.

Professor Winchell, director of the geological survey of Michigan, has lately presented a report of the progress of the survey from its inauguration, May, 1869, to November, 1870. He sketches an outline of the nature and extent of the researches he proposes in connection with the investigations, and expresses a desire for sufficient appropriations to enable him to complete his work in the shortest possible time, two years being suggested as sufficient with proper means. His plan includes, in addition to pure geology and mineralogy, such subjects as paleontology, climatology, natural history, ethnology, etc. The sum of $61,300 is asked for by the professor for the purpose of completing his field work, as well as of preparing the necessary maps and illustrations for his report.

A form of steamer has lately been devised in England for the special purpose of employment in sea fishing, the advantages claimed being absolute safety; capacity for carrying considerable quantities of stores, with no splash of water from paddles or screws to disturb the fish; the power of steaming at a very slow speed while fishing; a low and perfectly clear free-board, so that nets and ropes can be passed all around the vessel, there being no shrouds, spars, rudder, or other external obstruction whatever; the vessel being double-ended, so as to avoid having to turn in port. The hull possesses great stability and steadiness, and can be made to contain suitable provision for wells for keeping fish alive till they can be sent to market.

The first part of a new edition of Professor Smith's work upon the British *Diatomaceæ* has just been published by Van Voorst, following the first edition after an interval of fourteen years. The manuscript of an American work upon the same family has lately been offered to the Smithsonian Institution for publication by Dr. Horatio Wood, of Philadelphia.

Professor Carl G. Bischof, an eminent chemist and geologist, died at Bonn on the 29th of November last at the age of seventy-eight. He was well known as a specialist in various branches of science, particularly in the department of chemical and physical geology, in which his writings have occupied the highest rank.

It is said that the parties engaged in the manufacture of menhaden oil in the waters of Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut have formed a mutual benefit association, with William D. Hall, of Wallingford, as president, and that companies representing a capital of two and a half millions of dollars have already joined the association.

We regret to hear, by late European advices, of the death of M. Gustave Lambert, well known for his persistent efforts to secure the means for a French expedition of discovery to the north pole by way of Behring's Straits. After several years' fruitless application to the government authorities of his country he succeeded in raising a portion of the fund required for this purpose, and had strong hopes of being able to start during the present summer, when the impending political troubles made it necessary to abandon the enterprise. He was badly wounded in one of the recent skirmishes before Paris, and died in consequence.

A dinner was lately given at a hotel in London by Mr. Morton C. Fisher of New York, at which all the dishes consisted of American delicacies. Among those present were Mr. Moran, United States chargé d'affaires, Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, Charles G. Leland, and others. The articles served consisted of enormous American oysters, salt-water terrapins, buffalo meat, American quail, prairie-chickens, wild turkey with cranberry sauce, sweet-potatoes, canvas-back ducks, etc.—all of them the subject of the special admiration of the English guests at this entertainment.

Dr. Herman Credner, of Leipsic, in a forthcoming number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, presents a valuable report upon the geology and mineralogy of the Alleghany system of the United States, accompanied by a detailed map of the region.

In a late number of "Scientific Intelligence" we referred to the proposed exploration in the Pacific Ocean by M. Miclucho Maclay, of Russia. We have now information of the departure of this gentleman in the Russian steamer *Witiaz*, for a seven or eight years' cruise—the first two of which are to be expended in the investigation of the island of New Guinea. This region, as is well known, abounds in objects of natural history of the greatest interest, although comparatively little, so far, is known of its features in detail.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 13.—In the Senate, Mr. Fenton explained the provisions of a bill lately introduced by him to regulate the customs service of the country, commenting on the defects and abuses of the present system, and advocating a thorough and complete reform.—In the House, a resolution was passed repealing the duty on salt, tea, coffee, and coal.

March 14.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented a remonstrance of several Dominicans, resident in Porto Rico, against the annexation of San Domingo. The reading of the document was interrupted, and decided to be out of order, as were also the remarks which Mr. Sumner attempted to make on the subject.—In the House, a bill for the removal of all political disabilities was taken up, together with an amendment excluding certain classes of persons from its benefits. The amendment was agreed to by a vote of 123 to 57, but the bill was lost by 120 in its favor to 82 against it, two-thirds being necessary for its passage.

March 15.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced giving additional bounty to the widow, children, or father or mother of any soldier killed in the service.—The House adopted a resolution inquiring into the expediency of acquiring Lower California. A resolution was offered authorizing an investigation of Southern affairs by a special committee of thirteen, to be appointed by the Speaker, and to report in December. This was adopted under the operation of the previous question, by a vote of 126 to 64, and the committee was appointed, consisting of seven Republicans and six Democrats.

March 16.—In the Senate, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution proposing a new amendment to the Constitution, providing a tribunal, consisting of one from each State, to decide controversies between the national government and the States.—The session of the House was entirely occupied with a bitter personal debate, chiefly between Mr. Butler and the Speaker, who left the chair for the purpose of taking part in the debate.

March 17.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the removal of political disabilities of all persons except cabinet members, Senators, and Representatives who left Congress.—The House passed a resolution extending to aliens in the navy or marine corps the benefit of the act making enlisted aliens in the army naturalized citizens.

March 18.—The session of the Senate was mainly occupied with a debate on the suppression of disorders in the Southern States.—The House was not in session.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The election in New Hampshire, March 14, was very close. There was no choice for Governor. Three Democrats and one Republican were elected to Congress, and the official count will be necessary to decide the political character of the Legislature.

Filkins, the man accused of robbing an express messenger on the New York Central road, has been found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in the Clinton State prison.

The stage from Fort Yuma to Tucson, Arizona, was captured by Apaches on the 7th ult. The driver received three bullets in the leg and an arrow in the chest, but escaped with the only passenger.

An army order has been issued, giving the table of the organization of the army after July 1, 1871, at which date it is to be reduced to 30,000 men, in accordance with the provisions of an act of Congress of July, 1870.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris has been full of agitation and disturbance since the departure of the German armies. President Thiers has issued a proclamation, appealing to the patriotism and reason of the Parisians to maintain order. Following the proclamation, detachments of troops and gens-d'armes were sent against the malcontents, who were posted strongly at Montmartre, and a large number of cannon and about four hundred prisoners were taken. The next day, March 18, a mob of citizens and soldiers of the line released the prisoners, and recaptured some of the cannon. General Vinoy being in command of the government troops, posted a cordon of troops around the hill of Montmartre, and planted mitrailleuses at the approaches. This action only exasperated the people, who demanded if the authorities intended to massacre them, the result being a fraternization of the soldiers and the citizens, the latter drawing the guns aside and ascending the hill. As new detachments of troops arrived the people caused them to reverse arms and fraternize. A serious conflict occurred during the day in the Place Pisalle, and a lieutenant of chasseurs drew his sabre, which was the signal for his being dragged from his horse and killed on the spot. During the morning Generals Lecomte and Clement-Thomas were taken prisoners by the mob, summarily tried, and shot. Both generals had done good service against the Germans.

According to later dispatches a reign of terror has begun in Paris. The mob on Sunday, March 19, held complete possession of the city. Only wine-shops were open, and even women were armed. The red flag floated over the Hôtel de Ville, and barricades were erected in many of the streets and boulevards. The ministry and all the members of the government were at Versailles, guarded by 40,000 troops under General Vinoy. Several proclamations have been issued by the insurgents, one calling upon the people to prepare for the communal elections.

The French government has negotiated a loan of two thousand millions of francs from the Rothschilds.

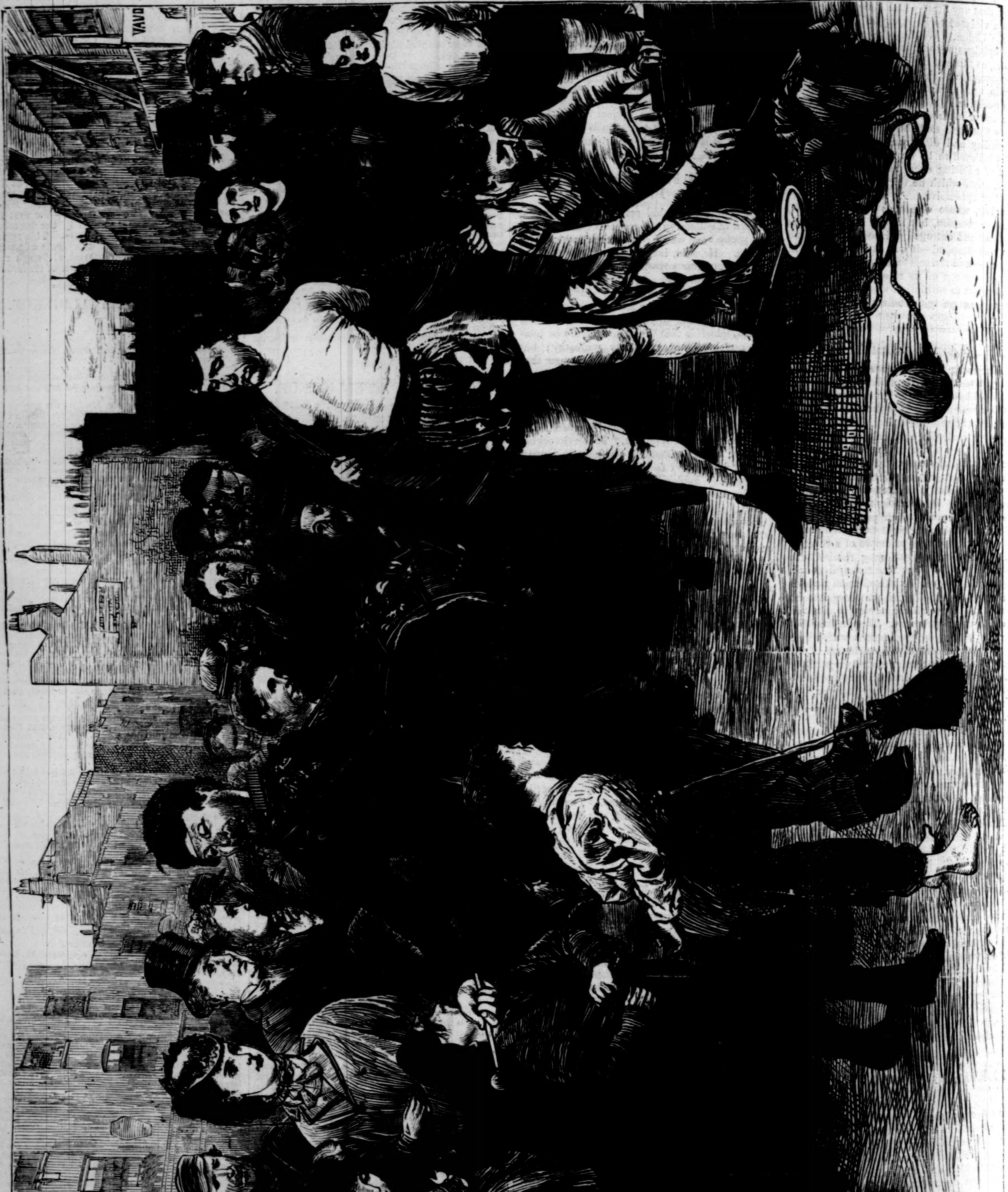
The Chinese government has paid $200,000 indemnity for the French property destroyed at Tien-tsin, and has appointed a Frenchman to the post of Imperial Interpreter, at a salary of $15,000.

Civil war is apprehended in Japan, and the business of that country is greatly deranged.

STREET ACROBATS.

They used to be called "tumblers;" but now they are "contortionists," "gymnasts," and "acrobats." Just in proportion as they have lost in power and skill, these street performers have assumed more grandly sounding titles. But have they not warrant for it? Has not the juggler, who cooks omelets in silk hats, and keeps a haberdasher's shop in his inside, become a "prestidigitateur," the circus-rider an "equestrian," the gentleman who cuts your hair a "professor," and the clerk an "employé?"

In this country street performers, of the sort depicted in the illustration on this page, are rarely seen, and even in European cities their number is diminishing. They go about in twos and threes, instead of large bands as of old, and find it a hard task to attract an audience. The race of acrobats is evidently fast dying out, and in a few years will be numbered among the things that were.



STREET ACROBATS.

SMALL AGGRAVATIONS.

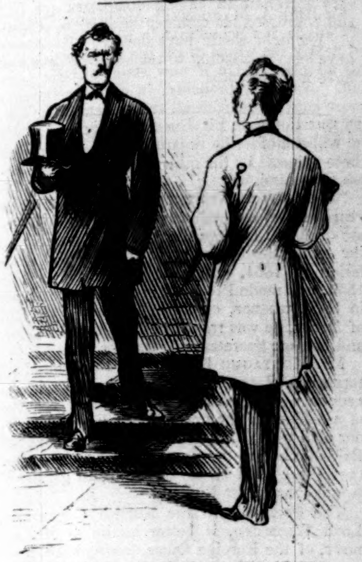
It is a nice question whether a man whose leg has just been amputated can feel the prick of a pin. If he can, it may be feared that the Emperor Napoleon is not insensible to the small aggravations of his great misfortune which are perpetually cropping up. The publication of the secret papers of the empire must be one of the worst of these, so bitter is the commentary they form on the past glories of the empire, and the hollow foundation of corruption and flattery on which these rested. The complimentary letters addressed to the ex-Emperor on the subject of his "Life of Cæsar" now read like the most cutting irony. Octave Feuillet, having received a copy of the book, thanks the Emperor not only for having thought of him, but for having thought him worthy of being one of the first to understand and admire this work, which will not only be the honor of history and letters, but, as he explains in a very long sentence, ennoble humanity. Jules Sandeau remarks that the idea of Napoleon III. will henceforward be sought in the "Life of Cæsar," and that this grand figure, to which it seemed as though nothing could be added, will thus receive fresh lustre and an unexpected accession of greatness. "The world of letters," he adds, "will be eternally proud and grateful. The Emperor Charles V. deserved well of the arts when he picked up Titian's pencil. You, Sire, have done better. You have taken up the pen of Montesquieu, and made it your own." But the highest flight of all is taken by the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon, who, indeed, soars rather beyond the bounds of mental possibilities, as follows: "While reading this beautiful and surprising work I thought that Julius Cæsar was very fortunate in having conquered the Gauls and composed his commentaries, since otherwise the Emperor would have done both." It would nave been interesting to see how Napoleon would have managed this.

The ex-Emperor is about to join his wife and son in their English retreat, where he will have ample leisure to ponder these things, and reflect upon the subserviency and ingratitude of his sycophantic admirers. Should he venture into the field of authorship again he will doubtless discover that the world sees a vast difference between the imperial author, who can date his book from the Tuileries, and the exile at Chiselhurst.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



"HE MET SIR CHARLES ON THE STAIRS, AND SCOWLED."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The morning-room of a large house in Portman Square, London.

A gentleman in the prime of life stood with his elbow on the broad mantel-piece, and made himself agreeable to a young lady, seated a little way off, playing at work.

To the ear he was only conversing, but his eyes dwelt on her with loving admiration all the time. Her posture was favorable to this furtive inspection, for she leaned her fair head over her work with a pretty, modest, demure air, that seemed to say, "I suspect I am being admired; I will not look to see; I might have to check it."

The gentleman's features were ordinary, except his brow—that had power in it—but he had the beauty of color; his sunburnt features glowed with health, and his eye was bright. On the whole, rather good-looking when he smiled, but ugly when he frowned; for his frown was a scowl, and betrayed a remarkable power of hating.

Miss Arabella Bruce was a beauty. She had glorious masses of dark red hair, and a dazzling white neck to set it off; large, dove-like eyes, and a blooming oval face, which would have been classical if her lips had been thin and finely chiseled; but here came in her Anglo-Saxon breed, and spared society a Minerva by giving her two full and rosy lips. They made a smallish mouth at rest, but parted ever so wide when they smiled, and ravished the beholder with long, even rows of dazzling white teeth.

Her figure was tall and rather slim, but not at all commanding. There are people whose very bodies express character; and this tall, supple, graceful frame of Bella Bruce breathed womanly subservience; so did her gestures; she would take up or put down her own scissors half timidly, and look around before threading her needle, as if to see whether any soul objected. Her favorite word was "May I?" with a stress on the "May," and she used it where most girls would say "I will," or nothing, and do it.

Mr. Richard Bassett was in love with her, and also conscious that her fifteen thousand pounds would be a fine addition to his present income, which was small, though his distant expectations were great. As he had known her but one month, and she seemed rather amiable than inflammable, he had the prudence to proceed by degrees; and that is why, though his eyes gloated on her, he merely regaled her with the gossip of the day, not worth recording here. But when he had actually taken his hat to go, Bella Bruce put him a question that had been on her mind the whole time, for which reason she had reserved it to the very last moment.

"Is Sir Charles Bassett in town?" said she, mighty carelessly, but bending a little lower over her embroidery.

"Don't know," said Richard Bassett, with such a sudden brevity and asperity that Miss Bruce looked up and opened her lovely eyes. Mr. Richard Bassett replied, to this mute inquiry, "We don't speak." Then, after a pause, "He has robbed me of my inheritance."

"Oh, Mr. Bassett!"

"Yes, Miss Bruce, the Bassett and Huntercombe estates were mine by right of birth. My father was the eldest son, and they were entailed on him. But Sir Charles's father persuaded my old, doting grandfather to cut off the entail, and settle the estates on him and his heirs, and so they robbed me of every acre they could. Luckily my little estate of Highmore was settled on my mother and her issue too tight for the villains to undo."

These harsh expressions applied to his own kin, and the abruptness and heat they were uttered with, surprised and repelled his gentle listener. She shrank a little away from him. He observed it. She replied not to his words, but to her own thought:

"But, after all, it does seem hard." She added, with a little fervor, "But it wasn't poor Sir Charles's doing, after all."

"He is content to reap the benefit," said Richard Bassett, sternly.

Then, finding he was making a sorry impression, he tried to get away from the subject—I say tried, for till a man can double like a hare he will never get away from his hobby. "Excuse me," said he; "I ought never to speak about it. Let us talk of something else. You can not enter into my feelings; it makes my blood boil. Oh, Miss Bruce! you can't conceive what a disinherited man feels—and I live at the very door: his old trees, that ought to be mine, fling their shadows over my little flower beds; the sixty chimneys of Huntercombe Hall look down on my cottage; his acres of lawn run up to my little garden, and nothing but a ha-ha between us."

"It *is* hard," said Miss Bruce, composedly; not that she entered into a hardship of this vulgar sort, but it was her nature to soothe and please people.

"Hard!" cried Richard Bassett, encouraged by even this faint sympathy; "it would be unendurable but for one thing—I shall have my own some day."

"I am glad of that," said the lady; "but how?"

"By outliving the wrongful heir."

Miss Bruce turned pale. She had little experience of men's passions. "Oh, Mr. Bassett!" said she—and there was something pure and holy in the look of sorrow and alarm she cast on the presumptuous speaker—"pray do not cherish such thoughts. They will do you harm. And remember life and death are not in our hands. Besides—"

"Well?"

"Sir Charles might—"

"Well?"

"Might he not—marry—and have children?" This with more hesitation and a deeper blush than appeared absolutely necessary.

"Oh, there's no fear of that. Property ill-gotten never descends. Charles is a worn-out rake. He was fast at Eton—fast at Oxford—fast in London. Why, he looks ten years older than I, and he is three years younger. He had a fit two years ago. Besides, he is not a marrying man. Bassett and Huntercombe will be mine. And oh! Miss Bruce, if ever they are mine—"

"Sir Charles Bassett!" trumpeted a servant at the door; and then waited, prudently, to know whether his young lady, whom he had caught blushing so red with one gentleman, would be at home to another.

"Wait a moment," said Miss Bruce to him. Then, discreetly ignoring what Bassett had said last, and lowering her voice almost to a whisper, she said, hurriedly: "You should not blame him for the faults of others. There—I have not been long acquainted with either, and am little entitled to inter— But it is such a pity you are not friends. He is very good, I assure you, and very nice. Let me reconcile you two. *May* I?"

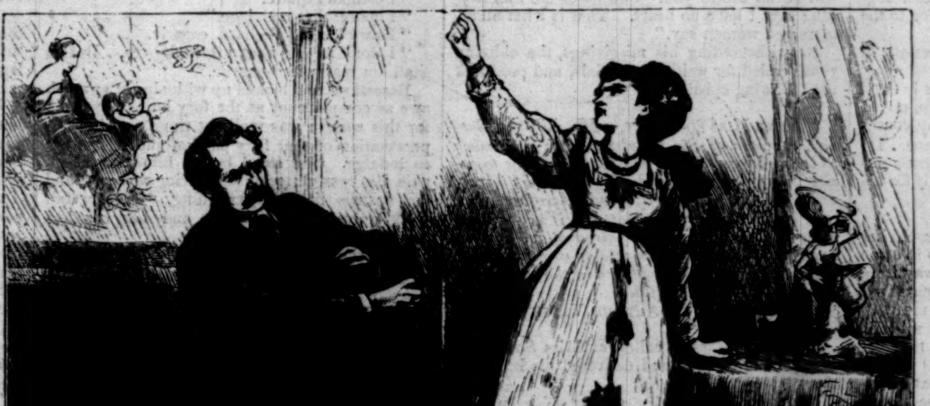
This well-meant petition was uttered very sweetly; and, indeed—if I may be permitted—in a way to dissolve a bear.

But this was not a bear, nor any thing else that is placable; it was a man with a hobby grievance; so he replied in character:

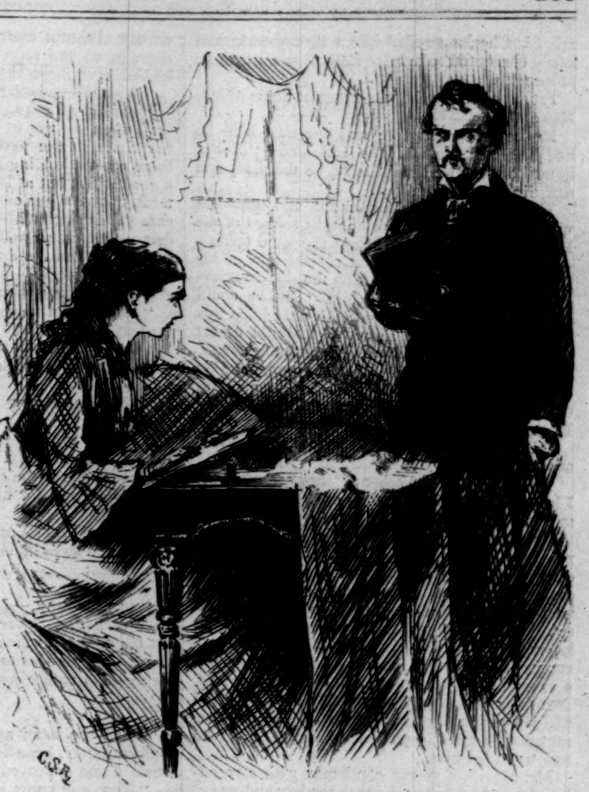
"That is impossible so long as he keeps me out of my own." He had the grace, however, to add, half sullenly, "Excuse me; I feel I have been too vehement."

Miss Bruce, thus repelled, answered, rather coldly, "Oh, never mind *that;* it was very natural.—I am at home, then," said she to the servant.

Mr. Bassett took the hint, but turned at the door, and said, with no little agitation, "I was not aware he visits you. One word—don't let his ill-gotten acres make you quite forget the disinherited one." And so he left her, with an imploring look.



"HE SHALL NOT MARRY HER. I'LL KILL HIM FIRST!"



"AND OH! MISS BRUCE, IF EVER THEY ARE MINE—"

She felt red with all this, so she slipped out at another door, to cool her cheeks and imprison a stray curl for Sir Charles.

He strolled into the empty room, with the easy, languid air of fashion. His features were well cut, and had some nobility; but his sickly complexion and the lines under his eyes told a tale of dissipation. He appeared ten years older than he was, and thoroughly *blasé*.

Yet when Miss Bruce entered the room with a smile and a little blush he brightened up and looked handsome, and greeted her with momentary warmth.

After the usual inquiries she asked him if he had met any body.

"Where?"

"Here; just now."

"No."

"What, nobody at all?"

"Only my sulky cousin; I don't call him any body," drawled Sir Charles, who was now relapsing into his normal condition of semi-apathy.

"Oh," said Miss Bruce, gayly, "you must expect him to be a little cross. It is not so very nice to be disinherited, let me tell you."

"And who has disinherited the fellow?"

"I forget; but you disinherited him among you. Never mind; it can't be helped now. When did you come back to town? I didn't see you at Lady D'Arcy's ball, did I?"

"You did not, unfortunately for me; but you would if I had known you were to be there. But about Richard: he may tell you what he likes, but he was not disinherited; he was bought out. The fact is, his father was uncommonly fast. My grandfather paid his debts again and again; but at last the old gentleman found he was dealing with the Jews for his reversion. Then there was an awful row. It ended in my grandfather outbidding the Jews. He bought the reversion of his estate from his own son for a large sum of money (he had to raise it by mortgages); then they cut off the entail between them, and he entailed the mortgaged estate on his other son, and his grandson (that was me), and on my heir-at-law. Richard's father squandered his thirty thousand pounds before he died; my father husbanded the estates, got into Parliament, and they put a tail to his name."

Sir Charles delivered this version of the facts with a languid composure that contrasted deliciously with Richard's heat in telling the story his way (to be sure, Sir Charles had got Huntercombe and Bassett, and it is easier to be philosophical on the right side of the boundary hedge), and wound up with a sort of corollary: "Dick Bassett suffers by his father's vices, and I profit by mine's virtues. Where's the injustice?"

"Nowhere, and the sooner you are reconciled the better."

Sir Charles demurred. "Oh, I don't want to quarrel with the fellow; but he is a regular thorn in my side, with his little trumpery estate, all in broken patches. He shoots my pheasants in the unfairest way." Here the landed proprietor showed real irritation, but only for a moment. He concluded, calmly, "The fact is, he is not quite a gentleman. Fancy his coming and whining to you about our family affairs, and then telling you a falsehood!"

"No, no; he did not mean. It was his way of looking at things. You can afford to forgive him."

"Yes, but not if he sets you against me."

"But he can not do that. The more any one was to speak against you, the more I—of course."

This admission fired Sir Charles; he drew nearer, and, thanks to his cousin's interference, spoke the language of love more warmly and directly than he had ever done before.

The lady blushed, and defended herself feebly. Sir Charles grew warmer, and at last elicited from her a timid but tender avowal that made him supremely happy.

When he left her this brief ecstasy was succeeded by regrets on account of the years he had wasted in follies and intrigues.

He smoked five cigars, and pondered the difference between the pure creature who now honored him with her virgin affections, and beauties of a different character who had played their parts in his luxurious life.

After profound deliberation he sent for his solicitor. They lighted the inevitable cigars, and the following observations struggled feebly out along with the smoke:

"Mr. Oldfield, I'm going to be married."

"Glad to hear it, Sir Charles." (Vision of settlements.) "It is high time you were." (Puff—puff.)

"Want your advice and assistance first."

"Certainly."

"Must put down my pony-carriage now, you know."

"A very proper retrenchment; but you can do that without my assistance."

"There would be sure to be a row if I did. I dare say there will be as it is. At any rate, I want to do the thing like a gentleman."

"Send 'em to Tattersall's." (Puff.)

"And the girl that drives them in the park, and draws all the duchesses and countesses at her tail—am I to send her to Tattersall's?" (Puff.)

"Oh, it is *her* you want to put down, then?"

"Why, of course."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Sir Charles and Mr. Oldfield settled that lady's retiring pension, and Mr. Oldfield took the memoranda home, with instructions to prepare a draft deed for Miss Somerset's approval.

Meantime Sir Charles visited Miss Bruce every day. Her affections for him grew visibly, for being engaged gave her the courage to love.

Mr. Bassett called pretty often; but one day he met Sir Charles on the stairs, and scowled.

That scowl cost him dear, for Sir Charles thereupon represented to Bella that a man with a grievance is a bore to the very eye, and asked her to receive no more visits from his scowling cousin. The lady smiled, and said, with soft complacency, "I obey."

Sir Charles's gallantry was shocked. "No, don't say 'obey.' It is a little favor I ventured to ask."

"It is like you to ask what you have a right to command. I shall be out to him in future, and to every one who is disagreeable to you. What! does 'obey' frighten you from my lips? To me it is the sweetest in the language. Oh, please let me 'obey' you! *May* I?"

Upon this, as vanity is seldom out of

call, Sir Charles swelled like a turkey-cock, and loftily consented to indulge Bella Bruce's strange propensity.

From that hour she was never at home to Mr. Bassett.

He began to suspect; and one day, after he had been kept out with the loud, stolid "Not at home" of practiced mendacity, he watched, and saw Sir Charles admitted.

He divined it all in a moment, and turned to wormwood. What! was he to be robbed of the lady he loved—and her fifteen thousand pounds—by the very man who had robbed him of his ancestral fields? He dwelt on the double grievance till it nearly frenzied him. But he could do nothing: it was his fate. His only hope was that Sir Charles, the arrant flirt, would desert this beauty after a time, as he had the others.

But one afternoon, in the smoking-room of his club, a gentleman said to him, "So your cousin Charles is engaged to the Yorkshire beauty, Bell Bruce?"

"He is flirting with her, I believe," said Richard.

"No, no," said the other; "they are engaged. I know it for a fact. They are to be married next month."

Mr. Richard Bassett digested this fresh pill in moody silence, while the gentlemen of the club discussed the engagement with easy levity. They soon passed to a topic of wider interest, viz., who was to succeed Sir Charles with La Somerset. Bassett began to listen attentively, and learned for the first time Sir Charles Bassett's connection with that lady, and also that she was a woman of a daring nature and furious temper. At first he was merely surprised; but soon hatred and jealousy whispered in his ear that with these materials it must be possible to wound those who had wounded him.

Mr. Marsh, a young gentleman with a receding chin, and a mustache between hay and straw, had taken great care to let them all know he was acquainted with Miss Somerset. So Richard got Marsh alone, and sounded him. Could he call upon the lady without ceremony?

"You won't get in. Her street-door is jolly well guarded, I can tell you."

"I am very curious to see her in her own house."

"So are a good many fellows."

"Could you not give me an introduction?"

Marsh shook his head sapiently for a considerable time, and with all this shaking, as it appeared, out fell words of wisdom. "Don't see it. I'm awfully spooney on her myself; and, you know, when a fellow introduces another fellow, that fellow always cuts the other fellow out." Then, descending from the words of the wise and their dark sayings to a petty but pertinent fact, he added, "*Besides*, I'm only let in myself about once in five times."

"She gives herself wonderful airs, it seems," said Bassett, rather bitterly.

Marsh fired up. "So would any woman that was as beautiful, and as witty, and as much run after as she is. Why, she is a leader of fashion. Look at all the ladies following her round the park. They used to drive on the north side of the Serpentine. She just held up her finger, and now, they have cut the Serpentine, and followed her to the south drive."

"Oh, indeed!" said Bassett. "Ah! then this is a great lady; a poor country squire must not venture into her august presence." He turned savagely on his heel, and Marsh went and made sickly mirth at his expense.

By this means the matter soon came to the ears of old Mr. Woodgate, the father of that club, and a genial gossip. He got hold of Bassett in the dinner-room, and examined him. "So you want an introduction to La Somerset, and Marsh refuses—Marsh, hitherto celebrated for his weak head rather than his hard heart?"

Richard Bassett nodded rather sullenly. He had not bargained for this rapid publicity.

The venerable chief resumed: "We all consider Marsh's conduct unclubbable, and a thing to be combined against. Wanted—an Anti-dog-in-the-manger League. I'll introduce you to the Somerset."

"What! do *you* visit her?" asked Bassett, in some astonishment.

The old gentleman held up his hands in droll disclaimer, and chuckled merrily. "No, no; I enjoy from the shore the disasters of my youthful friends—that sacred pleasure is left me. Do you see that elegant creature with the little auburn beard and mustache, waiting sweetly for his dinner? He launched the Somerset."

"Launched her?"

"Yes; but for him she might have wasted her time, breaking hearts and slapping faces in some country village. He it was set her devastating society; and with his aid she shall devastate you.—Vandeleur, will you join Bassett and me?"

Mr. Vandeleur, with ready grace, said he should be delighted, and they dined together accordingly.

Mr. Vandeleur, six feet high, lank, but graceful as a panther, and the pink of politeness, was, beneath his varnish, one of the wildest young men in London—gambler, horse-racer, libertine, what not?—but in society charming, and his manners singularly elegant and winning. He never obtruded his vices in good company; in fact, you might dine with him all your life and not detect him. The young serpent was torpid in wine; but he came out, a bit at a time, in the sunshine of Cigar.

After a brisk conversation on current topics, the venerable chief told him plainly they were both curious to know the history of Miss Somerset, and he must tell it them.

"Oh, with pleasure," said the obliging youth. "Let us go into the smoking-room."

"Let—me—see. I picked her up by the seaside. She promised well at first. We put her on my chestnut mare, and she showed lots of courage, so she soon learned to ride; but she kicked, even down there."

"Kicked!—whom?"

"Kicked all round; I mean showed temper. And when she got to London, and had ridden a few times in the park, and swallowed flattery, there was no holding her. I stood her cheek for a good while, but at last I told the servants they must not turn her out, but they could keep her out. They sided with me for once: she had ridden over them, as well. The first time she went out they bolted the doors, and handed her boxes up the area steps."

"How did she take that?"

"Easier than we expected. She said, 'Lucky for you beggars that I'm a lady, or I'd break every d—d window in the house.'"

This caused a laugh. It subsided. The historian resumed.

"Next day she cooled, and wrote a letter."

"To you?"

"No, to my groom. Would you like to see it? It is a curiosity."

He sent one of the club waiters for his servant, and his servant for his desk, and produced the letter.

"There!" said Vandeleur. "She looks like a queen, and steps like an empress, and this is how she writes:

"DEAR JORGE,—*i have got the sak, an' praps your turn nex. dear jorge he alwaies promise me the grey oss, which now an oss is life an death to me. If you was to ast him to lend me the grey he wouldn't refuse you. Yours respecfully,*

"RHODA SOMERSET."

When the letter and the handwriting, which, unfortunately, I can not reproduce, had been duly studied and approved, Vandeleur continued:

"Now, you know, she had her good points, after all. If any creature was ill, she'd sit up all night and nurse them; and she used to go to church on Sundays, and come back with the sting out of her; only then she would preach to a fellow, and bore him. She is awfully fond of preaching. Her dream is to jump on a first-rate hunter, and ride across country, and preach to the villages. So, when George came grinning to me with the letter, I told him to buy a new side-saddle for the gray, and take her the lot, with my compliments. I had noticed a slight spavin in his near fore-leg. She rode him that very day in the park, all alone, and made such a sensation that next day my gray was standing in Lord Hailey's stables. But she rode Hailey, like my gray, with a long spur, and he couldn't stand it. None of 'em could except Sir Charles Bassett, and he doesn't play fair—never goes near her."

"And that gives him an unfair advantage over his fascinating predecessors?" inquired the senior, slyly.

"Of course it does," said Vandeleur, stoutly. "You ask a girl to dine at Richmond once a month, and keep out of her way all the rest of the time, and give her lots of money—she will never quarrel with you."

"Profit by this information, young man," said old Woodgate, severely; "it comes too late for me. In my day there existed no sure method of pleasing the fair. But now that is invented, along with every thing else. Richmond and—absence, equivalent to 'Richmond and victory!' Now, Bassett, we have heard the truth from the fountain-head, and it is rather serious. She swears, she kicks, she preaches. Do you still desire an introduction? As for me, my manly spirit is beginning to quake at Vandeleur's revelations, and some lines of Scott recur to my Gothic memory:

"'From the chafed tiger rend his prey,
Bar the fell dragon's blighting way,
But shun that lovely snare.'"

Bassett replied, gravely, that he had no such motive as Mr. Woodgate gave him credit for, but still desired the introduction.

"With pleasure," said Vandeleur; "but it will be no use to you. She hates me like poison; says I have no heart. That is what all ill-tempered women say."

Notwithstanding his misgivings, the obliging youth called for writing materials, and produced the following epistle:

"DEAR MISS SOMERSET,—*Mr. Richard Bassett, a cousin of Sir Charles, wishes very much to be introduced to you, and has begged me to assist in an object so laudable. I should hardly venture to present myself, and, therefore, shall feel surprised as well as flattered if you will receive Mr. Bassett on my introduction, and my assurance that he is a respectable country gentleman, and bears no resemblance in character to*

"*Yours faithfully,*

"ARTHUR VANDELEUR."

Next day Bassett called at Miss Somerset's house in May Fair, and delivered his introduction.

He was admitted after a short delay, and entered the lady's boudoir. It was Luxury's nest. The walls were rose-colored satin, padded and puckered; the voluminous curtains were pale satin, with floods and billows of real lace; the chairs embroidered, the tables all buhl and ormolu, and the sofas felt like little seas. The lady herself, in a delightful peignoir, sat nestled cozily in a sort of ottoman with arms. Her finely formed hand, clogged with brilliants, was just conveying brandy and soda-water to a very handsome mouth when Richard Bassett entered.

She raised herself superbly, but without leaving her seat, and just looked at a chair in a way that seemed to say, "I permit you to sit down;" and that done, she carried the glass to her lips with the same admirable firmness of hand she showed in driving. Her lofty manner, coupled with her beautiful but rather haughty features, smacked of imperial origin. Yet she was the writer to "jorge," and four years ago a shrimp-girl, running into the sea with legs as brown as a berry.

So swiftly does merit rise in this world, which, nevertheless, some morose folk pretend is a wicked one.

I ought to explain, however, that this haughty reception was partly caused by a breach of propriety. Vandeleur ought first to have written to her and asked permission to present Richard Bassett. He had no business to send the man and the introduction together. This law a Parliament of Sirens had passed, and the slightest breach of it was a bitter offense. Equilibrium governs the world. These ladies were bound to be overstrict in something or other, being just a little lax in certain things where other ladies are strict.

Now Bassett had pondered well what he should say, but he was disconcerted by her superb presence and demeanor, and her large gray eyes, that rested steadily upon his face.

However, he began to murmur mellifluously. Said he had often seen her in public, and admired her, and desired to make her acquaintance, etc., etc.

"Then why did you not ask Sir Charles to bring you here?" said Miss Somerset, abruptly, and searching him with her eyes, that were not to say bold, but singularly brave, and examiners point-blank.

"I am not on good terms with Sir Charles. He holds the estates that ought to be mine; and now he has robbed me of my love. He is the last man in the world I would ask a favor of."

"You came here to abuse him behind his back, eh?" asked the lady, with undisguised contempt.

Bassett winced, but kept his temper. "No, Miss Somerset; but you seem to think I ought to have come to you through Sir Charles. I would not enter your house if I did not feel sure I shall not meet him here."

Miss Somerset looked rather puzzled. "Sir Charles does not come here every day, but he comes now and then, and he is always welcome."

"You surprise me."

"Thank you. Now some of my gentlemen friends think it is a wonder he does not come every minute."

"You mistake me. What surprises me is that you are such good friends under the circumstances."

"Circumstances! what circumstances?"

"Oh, you know. You are in his confidence, I presume?"—this rather satirically. So the lady answered, defiantly:

"Yes, I am; he knows I can hold my tongue, so he tells me things he tells nobody else."

"Then, if you are in his confidence, you know he is about to be married."

"Married! Sir Charles married!"

"In three weeks."

"It's a lie! You get out of my house this moment!"

Mr. Bassett colored at this insult. He rose from his seat with some little dignity, made her a low bow, and retired. But her blood was up; she made a wonderful rush, sweeping down a chair with her dress as she went, and caught him at the door, clutched him by the shoulder and half dragged him back, and made him sit down again, while she stood opposite him, with her knuckles of one hand resting on the table.

"Now," said she, panting, "you look me in the face and say that again."

"Excuse me; you punish me too severely for telling the truth."

"Well, I beg your pardon—there. Now tell me—this instant. Can't you speak, man?" And her knuckles drummed the table.

"He is to be married in three weeks."

"Oh! Who to?"

"A young lady I love."

"Her name?"

"Miss Arabella Bruce."

"Where does she live?"

"Portman Square."

"I'll stop that marriage."

"How?" asked Richard, eagerly.

"I don't know; that I'll think over. But he shall not marry her—never!"

Bassett sat and looked up with almost as much awe as complacency at the fury he had evoked; for this woman was really at times a poetic impersonation of that fiery passion she was so apt to indulge. She stood before him, her cheek pale, her eyes glittering and roving savagely, and her nostrils literally expanding, while her tall body quivered with wrath, and her clinched knuckles pattered on the table.

"He shall not marry her. I'll kill him first!"

THE HIGH COMMISSION.

We give this week, on pages 292 and 293, the portraits of the gentlemen who compose the Joint High Commission now in session at Washington for the consideration of the fishery question and the *Alabama* claims. At the head of the English Commissioners stands the Earl De Grey and Ripon, who was born in London in 1827. He has served in both Houses of Parliament; became Under-Secretary of War in June, 1859; was Under-Secretary of State for India from January to August, 1861; Secretary of War from 1863 to 1866; and was appointed Lord President of the Council in December, 1868. He is liberal in politics, and is regarded as a man of considerable ability. He is Grand Master of the Masonic order in England.

Sir Edward Thornton, British minister to this country since the death of Sir Edward Bruce, is well known to the American public. He has had a large diplomatic career, having represented his government in Italy, Brazil, Mexico, and several of the South American republics. Since his appointment to the post he now occupies Sir Edward Thornton has evinced a commendable desire to effect an amicable settlement of all the questions that divide England and America, and the appointment of the present Commission is probably owing chiefly to his efforts in this direction.

Sir John A. Macdonald, the present Premier of Canada, is a Scotchman by birth, but has passed nearly the whole of his life in the country of his adoption. He is now about fifty-six years old. No man, probably, in either country, is more conversant with all the aspects of the fishery question than Sir John A. Macdonald, and he will therefore be regarded as an authority on these subjects by the other members of the British Commission.

Sir Stafford Northcote is about fifty-three years of age, a Londoner by birth, and a graduate of Baliol College, Oxford. He was one of the secretaries of the great International Exhibition of 1851, was elected to Parliament in 1855, was made President of the Board of Trade in 1866, whence, on the retirement of the Earl of Derby, he was transferred to the India Office, and became Secretary of State for India.

Mr. Montague Bernard is Professor of International Law at Oxford, and is known in connection with American questions as the author of a defense of the neutrality of England during our civil war. Mr. Bernard took the extreme British view of the case, and labored to prove that the United States have no just ground of complaint against England.

The Secretary to the English Commission, Lord Tenterden, is better known as Mr. Abbott, of the Foreign Office, having but recently come to his title. He is the author of the famous "Notes and Observations" presented by Lord Clarendon in answer to Mr. Fish's dispatch of the 26th of September, 1869, upon the *Alabama* question.

The American Commissioners are Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, Hon. Robert C. Schenck, Justice Samuel Nelson, Hon. E. R. Hoar, and Hon. George H. Williams. Mr. Fish was born in New York city in 1809, and was educated at Columbia College. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1830. Seven years later he was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1843 was chosen a Representative in Congress. From 1848 to 1850 he held the position of Governor of this State, and was a Senator in Congress from 1851 to 1857. Mr. Fish subsequently spent many years traveling in Europe. After the retirement of Mr. Washburne from President Grant's cabinet he was appointed Secretary of State, which position he still holds.

General Robert C. Schenck was born in Ohio in 1809, and is by profession a lawyer. After serving several terms in the State Legislature, he was elected to Congress in 1843, and remained in the House for eight years, when he was appointed minister to Brazil. In 1862 he was re-elected to Congress, and served four additional terms. Last October he was defeated for re-election. General Schenck served with distinction in the Union army during the rebellion. He was recently appointed and confirmed minister to Great Britain.

Justice Nelson is a native of New York. He was born in 1792, was admitted to the bar in 1817, and became eminent in his profession. In 1820 he was a Presidential elector, and during the following year was a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention. From 1823 to 1831 he was a judge of the Circuit Court, from 1831 to 1837 a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and during the last-named year became Chief Justice. This position he held till 1845, when President Tyler appointed him a justice of the United States Supreme Court, an office he still holds.

Mr. Hoar was born in Massachusetts in 1816, graduated with distinction at Harvard, and in 1840 was admitted to the bar. In 1859 he became a justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts—a position he resigned in 1869 to accept the office of Attorney-General of the United States, from which latter, however, he soon retired. Mr. Hoar is a gentleman of profound legal knowledge. He was a strong antislavery man during the agitation of the slavery question.

Mr. Williams is a native of New York and a lawyer by profession. In 1844 he settled in Iowa, where he became a judge in 1847, and a Presidential elector in 1852. In the following year he was appointed Chief Justice of Oregon Territory, and held that position under Pierce's administration and during a part of Buchanan's, when he resigned. In 1864 he was elected a Senator in Congress for the term ending March, 1871, when he retired from the Senate, a Democratic successor having been chosen by the Legislature.

"A MAD GAME, MY MASTERS!"

There were some idle words spoken on the cricket ground, with just a grain of intentional incivility in them. I had lost Gostywick the match by two runs, when Mary Arnald said, in passing, "Thank you, Captain Woodd, very much for losing the match to our side; I did so want that we should win it!" and when I answered, "Thank *you*, Miss Arnald, for perceiving the extent of my devotion to you; wouldn't I put my head into the lion's mouth any day to serve you?" there were some there who did not care to have me carry off my unlucky awkwardness even so well as that, and were rather vicious with their chaff.

But the rash challenge that ensued, and the consequent rendezvous at Dunborough given for the morrow week, had no serious place in the thoughts of any there except myself.

My course was simple enough. I went up to my brother-in-law Howe's carriage, told my sister Edith not to look for me at Gostywick for a good week, and betook myself by train to Lipswich, where was at this time stationed the Grand National American Indo-Egyptian Hippodrome; where was also stationed the —th regiment, on a visit to some of the officers of which Edith and Howe at once assumed me to be going.

But no such reputable company as the officers of the —th saw me for the two days I was in Lipswich. Instead, I was comfortably domesticated with the members of the Grand National American Indo-Egyptian; and it was not so at Lipswich only; I went on with them to Wilford, Borley—the whole week's round.

No, I can speak to nothing very admirable in these people: there were three or four the very scum of the earth, and the rest made small objection to the presence of these among them. The man of all of them, for instance, whose acquaintance I most sedulously cultivated—a greater, more thorough vagabond you could not find in a day's march. And yet he had, when he needed, a certain sharpness, a certain precision of manner, which went for respectability with the persons for whom he needed it. It imposed on Mr. Arnald and John Howe, when they came to speak with him after the affair at Dunborough: they thought his title of Lion King not out of unison with his air and character, and were very greatly interested in him.

This, my close acquaintance of one whole week, was a long, lean man, with a white, puffy face, that was yet as lean as the rest of him, crafty, vulturish eyes, a long, mobile mouth, and a patent flexibility of limb, that told at once of the practiced gymnast.

I can speak with considerable knowledge of the man; since, for that one week, his every word and action had value for me. Nothing, either, of his special aids, the performing lions, did I wittingly let escape me. We had elephants with us as well as lions, and two camels. A big old lion who, under the name of Sultan, had been the round these dozen years past, they had lately rechristened Theodore, in view of a then present subject of popular interest. Of right, his was the principal share in the blue flame, pistol, and leaping performance, which was one of our chief draws; but for some days he had taken to lying, glowering and sullen, in one corner of the cage; and only by vigorous, most determined application of the whip—what a lion-tamer's whip is you may know—could he be compelled, and then but partially, into the required exhibition.

"He'll do the mad trick next, you'll see. Howsomever, we'll try and be ready for 'im," said Vaggass, unconcernedly, to me; for that was the unpretending name the Lion King bore in private society.

The other occupants of the cage were a second lion of large size, although inferior in that respect to Theodore; two much younger and smaller lions; and a puma—or Maneless Lion, as we preferred to call it, as giving so much the finer impression. We spoke of every thing that we could in capitals.

At a week's end we were come to Dunborough. Now the Dunborough evening performance was to be especially well patronized. A large party from Mapletoft and Gostywick had, I knew, been formed to attend.

Vaggass and I were coming round by the inclosed space made by the back pit seat and the front tier seat as the first of the company were dropping in. Two young fellows of the town, having seated themselves a row or two up, were, as we passed, discussing the Lion King's rumored feats.

"He'll do it once too often. Get killed some day, as safe as brandy. For what reason else should you and I be sitting here?" and the speaker seemed rather proud of what had been evil words, were they true.

"Comes in like sauce to one's dinner, don't it?" said Vaggass, grinning almost ferociously. "I say, mister, how many hundred 'ave you on this?"

"You know, Vaggass, you wouldn't believe me if I did tell you that it won't be the difference of a shilling to me, except the payment to you."

"Believe you? No, hang me, Sir, if I would. Howsomever, I ain't so sure, I'll say that, though. It is your regular right-down sane chaps like you, mister, who do the cranky thing, once and again. But time's come; what's your mind upon it? Which way will you 'ave your shine at 'em? slow or sudden—which 's the word?"

I took my time to answer. "Sudden. That is what I feel myself most equal to. And none of your war paint. Whip and pistol—and just as I stand at this moment I'll try it; and another ten for you on the five-and-twenty if I come safe out of it."

"And a ten for Henderson" (the proprietor), "remember, mister, if he makes a bobbery about it—which he's booked to do—'risking his valuable property,' and all that. May as well have the money ready."

"Should not wonder, Mr. Vaggass, that if he be not sharp enough to do it of himself, you will be considerate enough to give him a hint."

Mr. Vaggass took my sarcasm most kindly; it rather agreed with him than not.

Once that we knew each his *rôle*, both Vaggass and I understood that we were better apart. I went and seated myself at the opening in the side of the tent by which the performers came into the ring. Vaggass went and, I should imagine, imbibed certain artificial aids to courage. From my place among waiting performers, grooms, carpenters, assistants of all kinds and grades, myself unseen, I could see the whole Mapletoft and Gostywick party; the benches to which they had been conducted were at a comfortable distance from the orchestra, and so not very near the passage up into the ring by which stood the lions' van.

The performance commenced. Horses were ridden, while all sorts of fantastic tricks were played on their backs; elephants and camels came on and did their part; tiny fairy children circled from out a bespangled flower-pot; the unrivaled Signor Mazeppa Tantifico rode single-handed his sixteen bare-backed steeds round the ring, and did his wonderful somersault trick afterward—and through most of this a noble gentleman in evening costume stood in the centre of the ring, whip in hand; took the irreverent clown's rude-mouthed jests scornfully, as it were; flung them lightly from him, so to speak; was infinitely, delightfully polite to the performing ladies of the troupe, showing us plainly in his bearing what princesses incognita these were, condescending to our amusement. After which a little Abyssinian war business, and then all settled themselves expectant in their seats to see the spectacle of the lions.

Vaggass as he came by gave me a swift glance, not free from doubt. He himself said nothing to me then, but he sent Mainstrong, his assistant, back to whisper me a last caution—Mainstrong had to be in the affair; Vaggass, Mainstrong, and I—that was the sum of the initiated ones. Vaggass was in full fig in character of Lion King. I simply took the precaution to wear a thicker woolen suit than I should otherwise have worn, recalling certain experience to that end narrated of himself by Dr. Livingstone.

Next Vaggass was within the very cage; they put on the blue fire and red, until all looked fitly ghastly and demoniacal; the whole cage was in terrible motion; the lions' roar became heavy and frequent; their quick, strong, continuous, silent movements took us strangely—and the one man so cool and wary in the midst of them. From pit to roof arose one general eager murmur, that said far more than the most vehement cheering. But all the while up in one corner lay that big brute of all—sullen, watchful. And to-night for the first time, whether wisely or not, Vaggass did not compel him to his work—I suppose did not dare.

Some minutes had thus gone on: the time given me was come. I walked quickly up to the back of the van, the flame and glare shielding me from notice. Mainstrong was ready, gave me whip and pistol—and then if the fellow did not shake hands, as though I had been going to execution!

Well, whatever I had supposed it would be, the moment I was face to face with, in the midst of, the lions, it was quite a new sensation that I had. The fierce-breathing, leaping creatures came newly on me: I forgot all about the spectators: almost too strongly the animal rage within me, too, seemed springing up to meet the animal rage within these; with difficulty I restrained myself. I suppose Vaggass knew from experience what it was that possessed me; by almost passionate gesture he recovered me to my part. They said afterward how marvelously cool I was through it all; but there was this moment, nevertheless. With a short laugh I answered Vaggass's appeal. He had fallen back as I entered, in order that I should come the more sharply on the lions: it was effectual so far; each one ceased from his frightful noiseless play, and they were all crouched in an instant on either hand of me—*wild* beasts again at once, if I only let it be. My one chance to hold them to the bonds of their habitual obedience. I fired my pistol, I swung up my whip with all my might and brought it down heavily on them, I urged them with the strong voice of authority—I was their master; round they flew again in restless chase, bounding over me from bar to bar, raging around me in wild commotion—the great, agile, cat-like creatures: it was the frightful exaggeration in them of an every-day form that made them ten thousand times more monstrous in my eyes—I thought what it was afterward, although not then. Once, twice, thrice, they took their flying way; then the biggest lion of them all, except the big ugly brute lying in the corner, separated himself from them, came with a rush and terrific roar in front of me, and seemed to spring at me with open jaws.

What I did upon that is such a thing as one does not try twice in one's life, take my word for it—not if one is in one's sound senses. You demur to it, but I utterly deny to such men as Alfred Vaggass that they are in their sound senses. Never enrage yourself over it at this time of day, you say; but what will you say if I tell you that I did not wait to get out of the way of the lions before I began telling Vaggass as much as I but now said to you?

Yet so it was. I had accomplished what I had set myself to do. What, on certain words lightly spoken, I, with a kind of sense of the wild humor of it, had said in my heart I would do, I had done—in literal fact I had put my head in the jaws of the lion; and now it was no elation that I felt, but a degree of horrible anger and distaste of my act. Vaggass's urgent direction had been, "Once free of the lion's mouth, make for the other side of the door." Vaggass came on the instant with one of his stage bounds, from where he had stood at the further part of the cage, into the mêlée again. I did not give way to him; I took him roughly by the arm—I said, as though in a fury of anger, "You must be a beast yourself to do this every night of your life as you do!" I have only one explanation of it—I was possessed by fear. My first exaltation of spirit did part of it probably in reacting on my imagination, but there is one thing certain out of it—I had got a thorough scare, and that was what my fury meant.

I suspect, from the very little show of resentment made by Vaggass, considering the form it took of personal attack on him, it was not so much unlike what he knew, from experience, might be included in his bargain. For that matter, only the danger of the situation forbade it play, it was, I believe, gratification rather than resentment that it produced in him—gratification that at last he should see an overthrow to that exasperating equanimity of mine.

But he was not such a fool as to be ensnared for one single moment by my strange contentious mood, or to have a thought now for any thing but how to get through with what was before him. He did not waste a word on me; he forbade himself the luxury of more than a muttered oath; he threw me from him and toward the door with the one hand; with the other he plied his whip. People by this time had come to the comprehension of the astounding fact that there were two persons in the cage; they began to exclaim it on all sides—that it was not the Lion King, but some unknown, who to-night had done the crowning feat of all. There was a rush toward the van of the other performers; the hubbub momentarily increased. One thing the excitement outside helped to do—to send home to me the madness of my own. But another also it helped to do, that was not so well.

The big old lion, Theodore, still crouched in the corner—the further corner on the same side as the door. I had thought quite enough about him in the course of the evening. The fact, too, that Vaggass was leaving him to himself had taken quite sufficient place in my thoughts; but once, in the thick of it, he—apart and inactive, and all these fierce leaping creatures about me—he went quite out of my mind. But Vaggass told me afterward that he saw what was threatening, and all along that corner had more of his attention than even the half dozen at their perilous antics with me. He had lost none of the signs of the old lion's gathering rage—his kindling eyes, his bristling mane, the lips drawn back until the cruel teeth blazed white. He knew it then to be a question of moments. He said his whip would have solved it, one way or the other, in a second. It might have, although he did not think it, kept him the mastery over the brute, as on former nights; only there was another solution, and to gain every possible moment on that was what he sought, and not to precipitate it. But then there were the vociferations, half of fear, half of amazement, of the audience, and the impetuous movement toward the van; and the lion's rage rose to frenzy, and we had it full on us at last.

I followed the impulse Vaggass had given me toward the door; Mainstrong opened it quickly. That was my salvation; for even then, before I could be quite through, and just as I heard my name called amidst the din, the monster drew himself together, and giving a short, snapping, snarling, blood-thirsty bark rather than roar, hurled himself on me, struck me sideways with one paw, ripping open my arm from shoulder to elbow, and carrying away the whole flap of my coat. My good fortune, again, that I fell outward instead of inward, for the brute was mad for blood now. I out of his reach, without any appreciable interval he turned and sprang full at Vaggass, rending the air a second time with his awful voice. Vaggass just contrived to elude him, gave a sort of gasp, they said, drew a pistol from his belt—kept in reserve for such an event as this—shot the monster through the brain, dead, and was standing at last, shaken, on the safe side of the door with us.

Godfrey Woodd's tale came to an end there. With a curious smile, with something of that frightful moment in his face still, he said,

"A mad game, my masters!
* * * *
Well, life has some games
That are never played twice!"

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

It is stated that before the royal cortége entered the House of Lords on the day of the opening of the British Parliament the throne presented a very inartistic appearance. The robes of state were thrown over it in such a manner as to hide the crimson velvet and display only the ermine, so that the effect was exactly as if a huge white cloth had been wrapped about a high-backed empty chair, with an imitation gilt crown on the top of it. In fact, it suggested reminiscences of a hair-dresser's saloon. But when her Majesty entered and seated herself, the Princess Louise, with genuine artistic instinct, stooped and lifted a corner of the robes so as to display the warmer tints of the crimson velvet. This pretty incident forms the subject of the double-page illustration in this paper. Probably the act was almost involuntary on the part of the fair daughter of royalty. While her hands were thus busily occupied her thoughts were devoted to more important matters. Of what was she thinking? May we venture to guess? To some extent we may suppose that her meditations were of a somewhat solemn and chastened character. There is always something saddening in the reflection that we are doing a thing for the last time, and the Princess may have felt that in all probability she was for the last time performing her part as a maiden daughter of the Queen in one of the most impressive ceremonials of English court life. Mingled with these feelings, other ideas of a livelier character may have presented themselves. The grand state ceremonial then being enacted may have suggested visions of another ceremonial shortly to take place at Windsor, in which the Princess, instead of playing a subordinate part, would assume the chief *rôle*. A glance, too, at some of the high and mighty personages present would aid in the comparison. What betrothed princess could look upon the bench of bishops, with their red cloaks and white tippets, without remembering that upon one of these men would devolve the solemn duty of binding her to her lover till death shall part them asunder? Nor could she gaze at the horse-hair wigs of the men of law without being reminded of the important part which lawyers play in all weddings where the bride and bridegroom are possessed of property. As for the gay parterre of lady spectators, flashing with diamonds and resplendent in gorgeous coloring, of course it brought to mind the bride-maids, the attendant sylphs of the royal bride.

And then the rush of the oncoming Commons, and the serious, earnest face of the Premier—of what does that remind the Princess? Naturally of that which succeeds, or ought to succeed, Courtship—namely, Matrimony. Courtship is all glitter and sparkle and bravery, like the assemblage inside the House of Lords. Matrimony is sober-hued, somewhat severe and prosaic of aspect, like the faithful burgesses before the bar.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

When once a clergyman, son of a missionary, born in India, said that he had seen in that country a cannon so large that he had, when a boy, climbed into it, but so long disused that a hen had built her nest in it, a friend, who is very quick in making puns, and heard this description, immediately exclaimed, "Well, at any rate, it answered for a fowling-piece!"

Women as telegraph operators have proved a great success. They send the electric spark right through a fellow.

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Jones, with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well, yes," growled Jones; "I suppose any thing is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

Spring Goods—Skeleton skirts.

There is a gentleman up town who, at the end of a dance with a young lady, always says, condescendingly: "Really, Miss ——, you do very well. You'll be a good dancer yet." The ladies are always charmed with him.

The other day a little shaver was expatiating on the injurious effects of tobacco. Said he, "The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a single drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute." The boy had got things slightly mixed.

A Leavenworth editor, in quest of special attractions for his paper, says: "What we want for this column is personalities as mean as possible. Expense of lawsuits to be defrayed by the writer—funeral expenses by us."

A punctilious student once pompously inquired, "Can virchu, fortichude, gratichude, or quiechude dwell within a man who is a stranger to rectichude?" We should think not. So many *chews* would have a tendency to nauseate a novice.

A Missouri paper offers this for the requiem of a departed contemporary:

"Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Dime by dime the purse runs dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Mushroom papers droop and die."

In one of the courts a few days since a man was testifying regarding his connection with a case where offers had been made to him to club a man, but he declined the job. With great solemnity the counsel asked, as if anticipating a high moral reason for his refusal, why the witness did not commit the assault. "Well, Sir," was the candid reply, "I am a little lame, and I was afraid the police would catch me."

A traveler asked an emaciated Georgian if the climate of the rice swamps was unhealthy. "Wa'al, no," replied the loyal native, "'tain't unhealthy; we have the fever and ague all the time in these parts, but then we enjoy a powerful under-tow of health."

A sign in Red Bank, New Jersey, reads thus, "New maid and old maid clothing always on hand."

The following little nursery rhyme deserves to be incorporated into Mother Goose's melodies:

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
That hung right down on her forehead;
And when she was good
She was very good indeed,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

One of the "school-marms" who recently went to Oregon to engage in the duties of her vocation thus writes to her friends at home: "A panther was killed last week near my school-room, measuring seven feet from the tip of the ears to the extremity of the tail, and seven back again, making fourteen in all." Smart "school-marm" that!

There is something exquisite in our countryman's reply to the European traveler, when he asked him if he had just crossed the Alps: "Wa'al, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground a spell ago."

"A mute, inglorious Milton," in a Michigan jail has written a poem entitled, "An Idle in fore cantoes."

A smart boy in one of the public schools, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat: A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."

A little boy had a great liking for the water. His mother told him not to go on the wharves or near the water. "For, Freddy, if you should get drowned, we should never know what had become of you." "Oh yes, you would, 'cause it would be in the papers."

A Jerseyman lost an axe over twenty years ago, which he has just found under his bed. His life hasn't been made unhappy by house-cleaning.

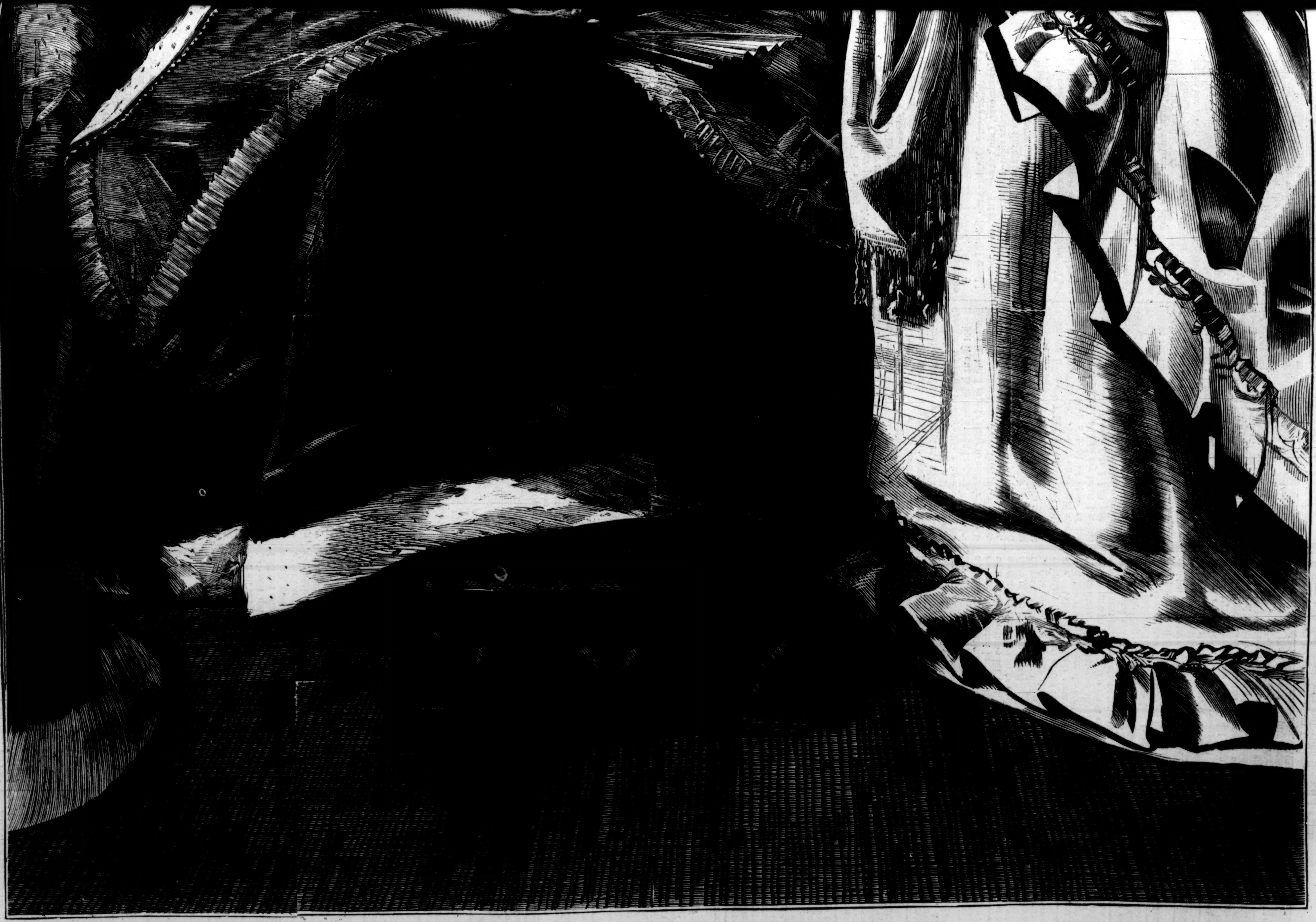
An Old Bachelor's Idea—When taken to be well shaken—the baby.

Why are hogs like trees?—Because they root for a living.

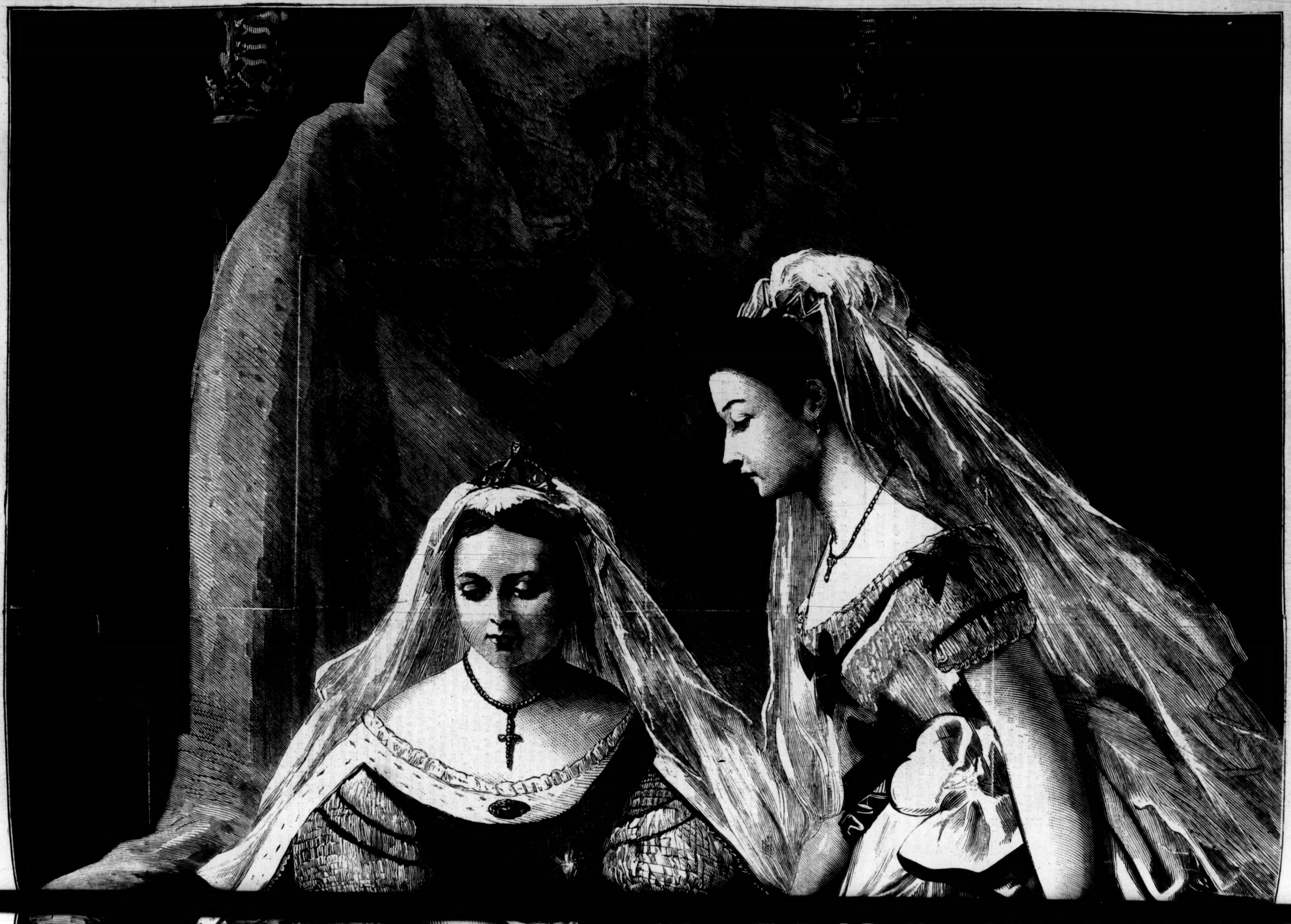
"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant; "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the ould pair you've got on."

A minister once gave a commentary to an old Scotch lady who was well versed in the Scripture. He thought she would enjoy the explanations of her favorite passages. Calling on her a few days afterward, he said: "Did you like the book I gave you?" "Ay, mon, it's a gude book, and the Bible explains it amazingly."

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself asked him a question in Latin. The fellow, shaking his head, said he did not understand him. "Why," said the gentleman, "did you not say you were a poor scholar?" "Yes," replied the other, "a *poor one* indeed, Sir, for I do not understand one word of Latin."



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE—A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—[See Page 287.]



MARCH SONG.

'TWAS in the month of March;
There were tassels on the larch,
And all the pretty birds were fain
To pair, pair, pair.

The lowly violet root,
As we trod it under foot,
Protested by a sweetness which
Was rare, rare, rare.

The leaves were croodled up
All about the buttercup,
But the little daisy winked with
One eye, eye, eye.

The creatures all deferred,
Every flower and every bird,
To what the sun was doing in
The sky, sky, sky.

Come out, come out, O Sun!
For the spring-time is begun,
And we're all of us of one mind with
The mouse, mouse, mouse.

If we can but get good weather,
We'll be jolly altogether,
For we're very tired of living in
The house, house, house.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

A COUPLE OF VISITORS.

MR. SIMCOE was not the only early visitor at No. 5 Bellevue Crescent that morning. Hardly had its mistress disappeared on her errand when ring after ring at the front-door, which was used by all classes—the back-door (being up a yard which opened into a *cul-de-sac*) was kept a dead secret, for fear of thieves—announced a succession of callers. The excellent Rachel could scarcely return from the lobby to her sanctuary below stairs when she was again summoned to the front. Her voice returned to all inquiries the same stereotyped reply, "No, she ain't; so just be off with you!" but the tone in which it was uttered grew sharper and sharper till it attained a very fine edge indeed.

"How can people stand it?" thought Mabel, to whom in the little parlor every word came almost as distinctly through the lath-and-plaster wall as though no such obstacle intervened.

At last there was a plaintive remonstrance, evidently from a visitor of the same sex. "Well, if she ain't, there's no occasion to bite my nose off, neither."

"You impudent old baggage," cried the excellent Rachel, and then the door was banged with a violence that gave a shock to the whole system of No. 5.

Mabel cautiously put aside the blind of the bow-window, and peered out upon this baffled visitor. There was no such person to be seen. Was it possible that in her fury the excellent Rachel had dragged some respectable old lady within doors by her silver hair, and finished her off with the kitchen chopper! There was a noise of chopping in the room beneath, and also a certain wild and savage melody, such as might accompany the execution of some hated victim. The "Marseillaise," Mabel remembered, used to be sung in Paris while the guillotine was making sure of the *suspect*.

Presently there was another ring at the bell, which was answered by this verbal response from the kitchen, "Ay, you may ring and ring, but you won't get me up stairs again this side of dinner-time—you may take your oath of that."

Mabel regretted that she had not retired to her own room, as she had wished to do, but that she feared to interfere with Rachel's proceedings above stairs. It was exceedingly embarrassing to remain so close to the bell-wire, that kept clanging and tinging so importunately; she felt almost like an accomplice in Rachel's rudeness. At last she ventured to call down the back stairs, "I think the front-door bell is ringing, Rachel."

"I *knows* it is," was the scornful response; "and I means to let it ring. It's only them beggars. No sooner do they hear that missus is come back than here they flock, as though this house was a soup-kitchen. If I *do* come up, I'll be down that old dame's throat, she may rely on it."

Then Mabel remembered that when she had looked out of the window she had seen a poor old crone in a red cloak, whom she had not suspected of having rung the bell, but who had doubtless done so, as one of her cousin's pensioners; and now here was another, whose importunity would have moved the Unjust Judge. Mabel would have opened the door herself but for fear of Rachel; as it was, she remained at her post, awaiting the execution of Rachel's direful menace: the song beneath was growing fiercer and fiercer in its note; the fuse of her patience was evidently getting very short, and the explosion near at hand.

At this juncture there was a tap at the window. Mabel looked forth and beheld an elderly female in a worn black silk dress, and with a beaver bonnet into which it seemed the moth had made inroads. She was of giant form, and clasped a stout umbrella by the middle, as Jove is represented with his thunder-bolts. It was with this instrument that she had drawn Mabel's attention to her pitiful position. She did not courtesy, but smiled entreatingly, though without adulation, and nodded toward the door. It was evidently a case of genteel poverty.

Mabel shook her head, and waved her hand. "My good woman, I have nothing for you. You had better go away; you had, indeed."

"I am Mrs. Bannacre; you are Miss Denham: this is my card; I am come to leave it on you."

There was evidently some frightful mistake. Mabel ran into the lobby, and let the old lady in.

"Your cousin's servant is out again, of course," observed the visitor, as she wiped her shoes carefully upon the mat. "I believe she does it to aggravate people. How are you, my dear? I know all about you, and you needn't introduce yourself. Miss Barr is out shopping, is she? Well, no matter, because my visit is to *you*. I took the very earliest opportunity, you see. Since I've found you at home, I may just as well put back my card again, mayn't I? Never waste. Some people say, 'What's a bit of card-board?' If you come to that, what's a bank-note? Well, what do you think of Brackmere?"

"From the little I have seen of it, it seems a very pretty place."

"It's a very wicked place," said Mrs. Bannacre, darkly. "Martha Barr says it's no worse than other places in the world. I reply, But the world is very wicked, and therefore Brackmere is a very wicked place." Here Mrs. Bannacre folded her arms, and nodded her head with the triumphant air of a logician who has invented a new syllogism. "How do you like Mr. Simcoe?"

"Really, madam," remonstrated Mabel, "I have only seen Mr. Simcoe for five minutes."

"I know it," said Mrs. Bannacre, coolly. "I live in the opposite terrace; and I watched him in and watched him out. What did you think of him?"

"I am afraid I haven't thought of him at all," said Mabel, smiling.

"Nor prayed for him?" inquired Mrs. Bannacre, sternly.

"Certainly not," answered Mabel, without hesitation.

"I am sorry to hear it. It seems to me impossible that he could be in any house five minutes without moving one to Christian pity. Where did he sit?"

Mabel was just on the point of indicating the chair Mr. Simcoe had occupied, when Mrs. Bannacre held up her umbrella. "Did he not sit, I ask, in the seat of the scornful? What did he say? Were not his words as winged arrows barbed with bitterness?"

"I did not observe it," said Mabel, quietly. "My cousin did not seem to have a bad opinion of him."

"Then she ought to be ashamed of herself," observed Mrs. Bannacre, sharply, "for she's had the best opportunities for forming one. As for you, my dear young lady, let us hope you will have your eyes opened in time. *You* will not be one of those who attend the tawdry church, I hope—the church that Sam built."

"Do you mean the church that Mr. Simcoe has built?"

"Of course I do—St. Etheldreda's, as they call it; but St. Etheldreda is St. Awdry, and St. Awdry is tawdry, and a truer thing was never printed in the 'Protestant Encyclopedia.'" Here Mrs. Bannacre grounded her umbrella, nodded her head, and repeated, monotonously, "Tawdry, St. Awdry—St. Awdry, tawdry," like a clock on the stairs.

"But Mr. Simcoe did not express himself in favor of St. Ethel—I mean St. Awdry—at all. He seemed, as I understood him, to have no sympathy—"

"Of course he hasn't," broke in Mrs. Bannacre, with great severity. "He's a Gallio; that's what he is. He cares for none of these things. Religion or the mockery of it, Sabbath or week-day, they're all one to him. He's a heartless, unbelieving, lost scoffer. I ought to know him, I suppose, since he's my own brother."

Before Mabel could recover from the moral shock of this communication Mrs. Bannacre had dismissed the subject. "You'll join *the Dorcas*, of course, my dear. We meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at eight, punctual. A short but sound discourse, tea and shrimps, and then a couple of hours' good work in the vineyard with needle and thread. No embroidering of altar-cloths, no stitching of stoles, no— But here's Miss Jennings: I know that artful woman's ring. If ever there was an emissary of Satan in blue spectacles— But there—I will say nothing to her prejudice; you will judge for yourself. Good-by, my dear. I should like to kiss you. Thank you. With your permission I'll stand in the kitchen stairs till that woman has come in."

By this time it would have taken something very pronounced indeed, in the way of visitors—a deputation from the town-council of Brackmere in their robes, and bearing dishes of periwinkles, for instance—to have astonished Mabel: an insignificant and faded female in blue spectacles, saying, "Miss Denham, I believe; *I* am Miss Jennings," only raised her eyebrows a little.

"My cousin, Miss Barr, is not at home—"

"I know it, I know it," interrupted the little lady, vivaciously. "I live in Mollusk Terrace, and saw her going off to market. My call is to you, my dear; I say 'my dear,' because I have heard so much about you from poor dear Martha. I should have come earlier, but I could not miss my church. It is the seventeenth, you know, and the festival of the blessed St. Etheldreda. You should have seen Mr. Claude in his new vestments. We were seven this morning, exclusive of Mr. Simcoe."

Mabel bowed, not knowing whether this was a subject of congratulation, and doubtful in her mind as to whether Mr. Simcoe was counted as a unit.

"The service was very nicely performed—very," continued Miss Jennings; "but I can't help thinking—if I may say so without irreverence—that they purchase the incense at the wrong shop; it gets up once's nose so. Mr. Simcoe said he thought he should have sneezed his head off, poor dear. My dear Miss Denham, what do you think of Mr. Simcoe?"

"Well, really," said Mabel, laughing, "that is the third time I have been asked that question this morning; and, since I have only set eyes on Mr. Simcoe for five minutes—"

"Twenty-five, my dear," interrupted Miss Jennings, gently. "I timed him from Mollusk Terrace. He staid twenty-five minutes; but I dare say it seemed like ten. He has such a fund of humor. It carries him away with it a little too far sometimes; but it is impossible to be angry with Mr. Simcoe. Dear me, how that front-door slams!"

Mabel's late visitor had slammed it, and was now slamming the garden gate with an equal good-will.

"Why, good gracious, that *must* be Mrs. Bannacre!" exclaimed the little woman, nervously. "Now that's what comes of having one's bed-room at the back of the house. I was putting on my bonnet, and never saw her enter your door. I dare say she has been saying all sorts of ill-natured things about Mr. Simcoe."

"Well, she certainly seemed to be rather prejudiced against him."

"I am glad to hear you say so; though 'prejudice' is not the word for it. She is angry with him because he is so natural and unaffected. You noticed that about him, I dare say, my dear?"

Mabel nodded; Mr. Simcoe had doubtless been unaffected—except with a difficulty of breathing.

"There are so many people at Brackmere who ride the high horse; you can see that by the names they give to their houses—'The Palazzo,' 'Belvidere,' 'St. Angelo,' and so on. Mrs. Bannacre's is *Belvidere;* and she takes it as a personal insult that Mr. Simcoe has named his mansion *Tiddliwinks*. Now I call *Tiddliwinks* a very pretty name. Don't you?"

"It is, at all events, an unpresuming one," said Mabel, smiling.

"Just so. I have called my house *Periwinkle Cottage*. Periwinkle Cottage, Mollusk Terrace; I hope I shall see you there, my dear, on Monday evening. Our society—the Sisterhood of Etheldreda—is held on Mondays and Thursdays. Mr. Claude will say a few seasonable words; there will be a slight refection—tea and shrimps; and then we shall set to work upon the scrolls and banners for the processions. I am so sorry, for your sake, that we have finished the vestments. Mr. Claude made a great, and, I hope, a lasting impression this morning with his *biretum*."

"What is a biretum?" inquired Mabel.

"Well, upon my life, my dear," observed Miss Jennings, mysteriously, "I don't quite know what it is. Dear Mr. Simcoe—I mean Mr. Samuel, of course—calls it (he is so funny, you know) a smoking-cap; and it really does look a little like it. But, as I said to Mr. Simcoe, we all know that your son *doesn't* smoke; so that is no objection—people require to be educated in religious matters as well as in other things; and to that he assented at once. He *is* so sensible. He'll be so pleased to hear that you've taken such a fancy to him."

"But, my dear madam," remonstrated Mabel, "I said nothing of the kind."

"No, my dear, but you looked it; I read it in your eye at once. And now I must say good-by. You won't forget Monday evening. But our sweet Martha will see to that. I won't kiss you, because I've got my big spectacles on, on account of the glare, and they're a little jagged at the ends. We shall meet very often, I hope."

Mabel hoped so too, or said she hoped so; and, not liking to ring for Rachel, opened the front-door with her own hands. At the garden gate the little woman stopped to kiss her glove in farewell; and as she did so "He will be so pleased to hear she likes him" was borne in upon the breeze.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TOO MANY MOUTHS TO FEED.

IN social warfare, as in political, the reward of an honest neutral is commonly to be detested or despised by both parties; and perhaps no more convincing evidence of Martha Barr's genuine goodness can be afforded than the fact that, though she belonged to neither of the two factions whose feud deluged Brackmere with ever-welling streams of scandal, she was respected and even beloved by both of them. The great question which agitated that semi-marine resort was the Simcoe question. Instead of the "*Wa'al, Sir*, and how do you like our country?" addressed to strangers by every enlightened citizen of the United States, the inquiry, "Well, and what do you think of our Mr. Simcoe?" was put by the inhabitants of Brackmere to every visitor. It was necessary to say Yes or No; black or white was the only wear; piebald was inadmissible. Mr. Samuel Simcoe was either a cherub of prodigious proportions (speaking spiritually) or he was the Flesh *and* the Devil. It was most important to the advocates of each of these antagonistic views to secure the adhesion of Martha Barr; her moral and religious weight was justly estimated as sufficient to turn the at present evenly balanced scale, and no arts were left untried to obtain it. The advent of Mabel had been looked forward to by more than one female partisan with an interest of which, of course, she was wholly unconscious. They hoped to use her as a lever by which to work upon Martha herself; and it was with this object that Mrs. Bannacre and Miss Jennings had honored her so early with their personal attentions. Without being quite aware of her own exact position with respect to the two factions, Martha could not but be well acquainted with all the grounds of quarrel, the case of each side had been stated to her with such remarkable perspicuity by the other. Self-justification was the object of neither, for there was nothing particular to justify; denunciation, of both. Not only were the machinations of Simcoe exposed, but the motives that actuated his unprincipled partisans. The bias of Miss Jennings, for instance, was accounted for on the ground that she had systematically set her cap at the great man for years, and would "jump at an offer from him to-morrow." The bitter hostility of Mrs. Bannacre was, on the other hand, set down to the account of her dissatisfaction at his pecuniary expenditure. Instead of his surplus guineas passing into their natural channel—namely, the pockets of his nephews, the little Bannacres—they went to build churches, wherein services were held in close imitation of benighted papists. Poor Martha, who always endeavored to believe the best of every body, had absolutely nothing of good to go upon; she heard only *nil*. The utmost allowance that a Simcoeite would make for an anti-Simcoeite, or *vice versa*, was a "Well, my dear, we can only *hope* that the poor woman is out of her mind"—for the troops on both sides were chiefly Amazons. Except from the Saturday to the Monday, when the business men came down from town to their families, there were no males to speak of in all Brackmere, except Mr. Simcoe and his son Claude. No wonder, then, that the question, "What do you think of Mr. Simcoe?" should have some importance even for Martha, though a non-combatant, and that she had addressed it, as we have seen, to Mabel. But she had the good sense to perceive that her young guest must be kept aloof from the quarrel; and when the latter timidly inquired whether it was necessary for her to accept the invitations to be a member of the Dorcas, or the Sisterhood of the Blessed Etheldreda, had answered, decisively, "Certainly not, my dear, unless you wish it."

And Mabel did not wish it.

Of course she suffered in public opinion for this lukewarmness, since the same liberty of conscience was not likely to be accorded to her as to her cousin; but the result was, on the whole, satisfactory, since, after a while, both parties ceased their attempts to make a proselyte of her, and left her to herself. With few exceptions it was only under Martha's roof that she met these people; but that happened pretty often. Her hostess was dreadfully partial to "seeing her friends about her," and having "a little sacred music," which poor Mabel had to extract from a very profane piano; and these evenings with society struck melancholy into her whole system, just as a material "wet blanket"—a damp bed—affects the lungs. The guests were for the most part contributed by the Simcoe faction, more perhaps from the fact that the Rev. Claude Simcoe played the flute than from any better reason. With feeble toots he used to accompany Mabel through many dismal dirges, varied by an occasional shriek of uncontrollable hilarity from the piano. This instrument had been purchased (appropriately enough, "for a mere song") by Martha years ago, when the old *George Hotel* had been pulled down to make way for its more ambitious successor; and it was old Simcoe's theory that it had been only accustomed to play music-hall tunes, and resented solemn melodies. Whenever a key became recalcitrant, instead of passing over the incident in discreet silence, the old gentleman would shake with laughter, in spite of Martha's "I am quite surprised at you, Mr. Simcoe," and Miss Jennings's pathetic remonstrances. Mabel always laughed too, which delighted him immensely. "She is an excellent sort, is Miss Mabel," he confided to her cousin, "and worth a dozen of that chap;" by which term he was accustomed to indicate his son and heir.

Mr. Claude was a dandy in his way, and so far as the canons of the church allowed him scope; and wore a handsome ring with a dragon on it, which was very conspicuous during the flute-playing.

"Is that your arms?" inquired Mabel of him, innocently, on one occasion.

"No; no more than it's his legs," answered the old gentleman for him. "If we've got any arms, they should be *fire*-arms—a pestle and mortar." The humor of which conception would have brought him to an untimely grave had not Miss Jennings, assisted by the whole strength of the company, proceeded to slap him on the back.

"Thank ye, ma'am, thank ye. If we had only met each other a little earlier," he gasped out, and then had a frightful relapse. He was well aware that Miss Jennings wanted him to marry her, and it gave a zest to life. She knew he laughed at her, and yet did not despair. She was always endeavoring to give him pleasure, and, in fulfilling her threat of telling him that Mabel thought very highly of him, had really succeeded. It laid the foundation of a good-will toward Mabel which improved daily. His carriage was sent to give the ladies what he called "an airing," every fine afternoon. For Mabel's sake, although in truth Mabel would have declined it but for Martha's, the kindness was accepted; and the little donation which the latter always gave the coachman on such occasions was an expenditure she could ill afford.

Poor Martha's pecuniary affairs were indeed getting in a sad state. For the first time in her life she had begun "to owe a little money;" and the sense of debt—so heavy to the unaccustomed shoulders, so light to those which use has bowed and shaped for it—oppressed her sorely. It is easy to say that the carriage, for instance, and therefore the coachman's fee, might have been dispensed with. But she hoped that it might save a doctor's bill; for Mabel, though as beautiful as ever, was growing pale and thin. Her little parties, too, might have been relinquished, but their cost was almost infinitesimal; and then again she argued (though with less reason) that a little gayety did her guest good, and counteracted her tendency to—no, not to "mope," for she was always active and helpful—to muse. There was scarcely a word that could quite describe Mabel's condition—always cheerful and pleasant when spoken to, always ready to chime in with any suggestion, and yet so abstracted and thoughtful that she would sometimes require to be addressed a second time, and then would start as from a dream. More than once, too, of a morning the watchful Martha had detected in her darling's face the trace of tears. It was for *her* sake that the cup of poverty tasted so bitter. "If I could but die and leave her what I have," thought Martha, simply; "then she would get on pretty well alone." But she never breathed this idea to Mabel (as some folk equally kind, and who imagine themselves equally unselfish, would have done), nor permitted her to perceive to what straits she was being driven. She had not only censured, but positively forbidden, her guest's little scheme of making money by lace-work. "It was not necessary," she said; and, somewhat to Mabel's surprise, had clinched the matter by adding, "and would be unbecoming." Her natural good sense, in fact, was blinded by her love for this young girl, whom she strove to keep, as in her palmy days, exempt from toil—a flower to charm with hue and perfume, not a plant for rough and homely uses. This was very "weak" of Martha, of course. "She should have had the moral courage to look matters in the face; nothing is more reprehensible than false pride, etc.;" it is so easy to give good advice to poor people. Well, Martha Barr (who was not proud upon her own account, however, as we shall see) did certainly make this mistake—that she suffered Mabel to remain in happy ignorance of the true state of affairs. When the expected letter came from Ju across the seas, with cordial offers of pecuniary assistance—though *not*, to Martha's great surprise, of a home—for Mabel, her hostess warmly urged her not to take it. If a check had been inclosed in the letter, she would not have advised her to return it; but it was not inclosed. "Expenses were heavier at Hong-Kong than had been expected. Fred was not one to save, and, of course, the failure of her own dowry was a great disappointment to him—indeed, he had calculated upon it; still they were by no means so poor, thank Heaven! that there was not something to spare for a beloved sister." An arrangement had even been made with a London banker for paying Mabel *fifty pounds per annum*. The Pennants were by no means rich, and the offer was not, on the whole, illiberal. Perhaps Mabel would have accepted it but for Martha. The fact was, the latter was extremely indignant at Mrs. Pennant's not offering the shelter of her own roof to her only sister, though she did not give this reason for her opposition; had she done so Mabel could scarcely have combated it, though she possessed a very sufficient answer to it in her own bosom.

That source of supply, therefore, had been cut off, and the knowledge that this had been done by her own hand by no means lessened Martha's disquietude. Matters, as we have said, had come to a crisis, and after much counsel with herself, and balancing of small accounts, and calculations adapted to the exchequer of Lilliput, Martha Barr arrived at a supreme conclusion. She determined upon a measure so grave, and, indeed, appalling, that the very idea of it put her into a perspiration; suspense, under such circumstances, she felt to be even more intolerable than the doing of the deed itself; and, accordingly, she did it at once. "My good Rachel," observed she, one morning, as that acid damsel was removing the breakfast things, while Mabel was "setting to rights" her own room above stairs, "I want to have a few serious words with you when you can conveniently spare the time."

The excellent Rachel did not relish this preamble. She wished matters to remain as they were without words; if her mistress once began to scold—which she had never yet ventured to do—there was no knowing where it would stop, for she was not unconscious that there were many chinks—not to say fissures—in her armor, with respect to dutiful service, into which a shaft of reproof might very reasonably enter. It would be very dangerous to allow a precedent to be established for letting fly such shafts at all.

"As to time, mem"—Rachel always addressed her mistress as though she were a memorandum—she replied, "my time is yours, of course; but as to *spare* time, that is a thing with which—ever since the young lady above stairs has come into this house—I have been altogether unacquainted. It's ring, ring, ring, run, run, run, from morning to night; not as I blames her, for young people is naturally thoughtless, and only thinks of their own selves."

"Nay, Rachel; it appears to me that Miss Mabel has been always most careful to save your—"

"I *beg* your pardon, mem," interrupted the waiting-maid, with elaborate humility, "but I didn't catch the word; careful to do what?"

"Careful to save your legs," said Martha, boldly, her own legs trembling under her very much.

"Oh, indeed, mem," answered Rachel, rattling the knives and forks together viciously; "I am sure I wasn't aweer of that, or I would have felt very grateful. If my skin is not worked off my bones it's a mercy, that's all I've got to say. Things used to be very different once; but now a poor body has no time to sit down, far less to meditate and commune, as it might be, with the heart within her. Then, again, I'm not one to complain upon my own account, Heaven knows, but my mind is always in a ferment about the bills; it's threepence here, and threepence there, and threepence here again, for shrimps; and the milk account is rose to double; and as to tea, why, Mr. Simcoe hisself could have swum in the tea he's drunk since Miss Mabel came into this house."

"Never mind about Mr. Simcoe, Rachel, if you please; but it is quite true that our expenses have increased, and largely," said Martha, gravely, "since Miss Mabel has been with us. It was with respect to that very thing that I wished to speak with you. The fact is, it will be a most delicate and unpleasant matter to break to her"—here Martha sighed deeply—"but I find there are too many mouths to feed in this house."

"That's just like your softness of heart, mem—if I may be so bold as to say so—and does you infinite credit; but sooner than you should be worried I would break it to the poor young lady myself—that I would." As she said these words, Rachel folded up the table-cloth, and hugged it to her bosom pathetically, as though it had been a helpless infant, and she a baby-farmer.

"That is quite unnecessary, Rachel, besides being wholly out of the question," observed her mistress, firmly. "Of course I should myself acquaint Miss Mabel of any change that is unfortunately necessitated in my own household."

"That's just as you please, mem; I know my own place too well, I hope, to put myself forward, or meddle with what, after all, is no concern of mine. When do you think it's likely—not, I'm sure, as I want to hurry her—as the young lady will be going, mem?"

With the knives and forks clutched in her fingers, and the table-cloth tight under her arm, her head on one side, and her single eye sparkling with the malice of a raven laden with plunder, the excellent Rachel stood at the parlor door, all ears for the reply.

"The young lady going, Rachel? Why, you don't suppose I'm going to turn Miss Mabel out-of-doors, surely?" rejoined Martha, indignantly.

"I don't know as to that, mem," replied Rachel, scratching her head (so great and genuine was her perplexity) with a bunch of knives and forks; "but I don't see how three mouths is to be made two, unless—"

"Surely, my good Rachel," remonstrated Martha, "you can not expect, much as I esteem and value you, that I can sacrifice to your interests my own flesh and blood?"

The excellent Rachel dropped every thing upon the floor (including every vestige of respect for her mistress), folded her arms, and ejaculated, with amazement, "What! Am *I* to go, then?"

"Not to go, my good Rachel—certainly not to *go*," explained Martha, in conciliatory tones. "I have made arrangements so that you will not altogether leave us. My plan is this: that you should be here in the morning as usual, just to get things straight above stairs, and set us going, as it were, below; and then, for the rest of the day, that your services should be given elsewhere. I've been talking to Miss Jennings about it, and she will be very glad of them. You will have your meals at Mollusk Terrace. As to wages, I will take care that you do not lose in that respect."

The celebrated plank that intervenes between the sailor and eternity is as ten-inch iron backed with teak in comparison with the partition that sometimes separates the most diverse of human passions in a single breast. On one side is frantic rage, and on the other meek humility—butter that scarcely melts in the mouth. The excellent Rachel was within a hair-breadth of springing on her mistress like a tigress, and tearing her cap to ribbons, her ribbons to rags. It was a mere toss up whether she should "go in" and annihilate Martha on the spot, or express her thanks for past favors, and a hope for the continuance of them, like a tradesman's card. Her honest indignation yearned to evince itself at the tips of her finger-nails, but prudence and self-interest won the day. She shook her head, snuffled, and burst into tears.

"You have been always good to me, mem, far better than I deserve; and, though service is no inheritance, I am sure you will not desert me in the time to come."

"Indeed I will not, Rachel," exclaimed Martha, with energy. "I shall never forget, I hope, what an excellent creature you have always proved yourself. I only hope Miss Jennings will appreciate you as I do."

Rachel still shook her head. She had her misgivings (as well she might) about that matter; but, on the other hand, Miss Jennings was not a strong-minded lady, and there would be little pickings to be got now in *both* houses.

"I trust the wind will be tempered to the shorn lamb," sighed she. "Heaven bless you, mem!" With that she picked up the table-cloth, wiped her eye with the corner of it, and fled to the regions below.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CONGRESS has recently considered the suggestion that the valuable food fishes of the coasts and lakes of the United States are diminishing in number, to the public injury. And they have authorized the President to appoint from among the civil officers or employés of the government one person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the subject to be Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to serve without additional salary. His duties are to prosecute investigations and inquiries on this subject, with the view of ascertaining whether any diminution in the number of the food fishes of the coasts and lakes of the United States has taken place; and if so, to what causes this is due; and also whether any protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be taken. The results of his investigations are to be reported to Congress. The heads of the executive departments are directed to aid the commissioner in the prosecution of his duties. And he is at liberty at all times to take, or cause to be taken, in the waters of the sea-coast and in the lakes, such fish as may, in his judgment, be needful or desirable for the conduct of his duties, notwithstanding the existence of any law or usage of any State to the contrary.

The principal ailments in San Domingo City are bilious and intermittent fever. The record of births and deaths in the district which embraces that city, during 1870, is as follows: total population, 12,000; births, 1007; deaths, 163.

An escape so narrow that it makes one shudder to think of it lately occurred at Nicholas Station, Iowa. The proprietor of the only shop in the place upset a kerosene lamp one night, and the flames spread with great rapidity. Instantly the man thought of a keg of gunpowder, which the fire was approaching, and his wife and children sleeping in the room above. Retaining his presence of mind, he rushed up stairs and hurried his family from the building. They had scarcely reached the opposite side of the street when the gunpowder exploded, tearing the house into fragments.

The latest "fish story" comes from New Orleans, and relates to a thoroughly domesticated oyster, belonging to an Irishman, which rambles pleasantly and cheerfully about the house, though it refuses the exertion of going up stairs. The creature seems entirely contented and happy.

During the last Congress there were 3542 bills and joint resolutions presented to the House, and 1659 to the Senate, making in all 5201. Some of these bills received whole days and even whole weeks of consideration, while others were crushed in committee-rooms, and others never came up at all.

The public library of Cincinnati is now opened on Sunday, and is well patronized by young men.

A proposal is made to change the general design of the Post-office building in Washington, in order to give greater accommodations to that department. A full story will be added, with a Mansard-roof.

Perhaps there never was a greater epicure in private life than one Mr. Rolgtone, of London, who in ten years literally ate up a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. He not only traversed all Europe himself for the sole purpose of gratifying his appetite, but he had agents in China, Mexico, and Canada to supply him with the rarest delicacies. A single dish sometimes cost him fifty pounds sterling. Finally his fortune was reduced to a single guinea. With this he bought a woodcock, which he had served up in the highest style of culinary art. After resting two hours he jumped into the Thames from Westminster Bridge.

In Oswego a family of five persons having been taken suddenly ill, with symptoms of poison, the physician who was called learned that they had eaten salmon-trout during the day. Immediately he pronounced their illness to be caused by poison from *moonstruck fish;* and explained that he had known of many instances of illness, with similar symptoms, having been produced by eating fish which had been dried in the light of the full moon. This novel and curious sickness is severe, though rarely fatal.

Some of the decorations and attractions of the Cathedral of San Domingo are bell chimes outside, and five-and-twenty altars within; a crucifix and tabernacle of silver and precious wood; a cross, which fable says Columbus erected; the niche where Columbus's remains, from distant Valladolid, were deposited, but afterward removed; picture of the Virgin, with Ferdinand and Isabella in devout and humble posture; swinging lamps; painted columns and panels; images of saints and apostles attired in gorgeous dresses of silk and velvet; copy of Murillo's "Madonna;" and a marble monument to the first bishop and first governor.

At the Nilsson concert in Washington the audience were amused by the novel method in which one enthusiastic admirer of Miss Cary testified his appreciation of her rendition of the "Flower Song" from Faust. At the conclusion of it he sprang up the steps leading to the stage, and rushing after the retreating form of the fair singer, dashed toward her a mass of loose flowers which he carried in a paper. Some of the flowers fell on the lady's train, and the remainder were scattered in delightful confusion over the stage. The young man did not wait to note the effect of his comical demonstration, but hastily retreated to his seat in the corner, amidst the laughter of the audience.

At a wedding ceremony in Newport, Kentucky, which took place at mid-day, the church had been darkened to render the scene more impressive. The organ began to roll forth the wedding march just as the happy couple started for the altar. At that moment the sexton attempted to turn on the gas more fully, but in his excitement he turned it the wrong way, and in an instant the church was in total darkness. Happily a gentleman who stood near a window pulled down a blind from the top, and the bright sunlight streamed in upon the bridal party, producing a beautiful and almost magical effect, and changing what might have been deemed an ill omen into a happy one.

The work of revising the Bible proves to be one of great magnitude. From private though authentic sources it is ascertained that, although the Committee on the Revision and Retranslation is very active, the revised New Testament will not be prepared until four years hence, and the Old Testament will require at least ten years. There will scarcely be a text in the whole Bible unaltered. The changes forced upon these ecclesiastics by the unanimous conclusions of scholars are startling and peremptory.

The model-room of the Patent-Office at Washington is a most curious and entertaining place wherein to while away some leisure hours. The seemingly endless halls are very quiet, for the numerous visitors are lost in the long stretch of countless cases. One may wander about for hours undisturbed, examining the contents of one case after another, until the conviction is forced upon the mind that there can be nothing new under the sun—that somebody has already invented every conceivable thing. The granting of something like one hundred and ten thousand patents since the organization of the Patent-Office gives some ground for such apprehension. Yet still applications come in rapidly. True, many are doomed to bitter disappointment. The labor of months and years is often wholly lost when the applicant finds that the pet idea he had thought solely his own has already been worked out by another. Moreover, the invention must clearly appear to be useful to the community in order to be patentable. Glancing into the cases, one is instantly convinced that by no means have all the inventors here represented made their fortunes; for hundreds of these curious specimens have certainly never been of extensive practical utility, however worthy they may be in themselves. For example, here are two immense cases filled entirely with models of *churns*. Remember all the models are very small, and compactly arranged, and you can gain some idea of the number, and the value of the exclusive right to sell any one kind. The fortunate man who has really discovered a wonderfully expeditious method of making butter, and has the faculty of pushing the thing into the market, receives his reward, and all the other poor little churns suffer. The extraordinary number of improved kerosene burners ought to secure immunity from all accidents; but probably the *perfect* one is not yet to be found among the four hundred which have been patented. The case containing models for fruit baskets and boxes is full of interest, showing how much thought has been expended in securing good means of conveying berries and other fruits to market. But any attempt at specification is impossible in a single paragraph. It is noticeable that the names of women appear as patentees in many classes of inventions, particularly in articles of wearing apparel.

There is a man in the Massachusetts State prison, just entering upon his imprisonment for life, who belongs to a respectable family, was brought up under good home influences, and is possessed of property to the amount of $10,000; but he had a monomania for arson, and so great was his love of the crime that wherever he went to spend a few days a fire was pretty sure to occur. He once paid a visit to the Isles of Shoals, and during his stay the first fire that ever was known on the islands occurred; during a visit he paid to West Amesbury several buildings were burned; three large churches were burned in Newburyport, and stables and barns almost without number. During his career as an incendiary, which covered a period of upward of ten years, nothing inflammable seemed to escape him. Churches, workshops, dwellings, barns, and smaller out-buildings were alike his prey. He was arraigned under fifteen indictments, tried on two, and found guilty on both.

Statistics recently made out at the Internal Revenue Department show that there are 285 grain distilleries in the United States, and six molasses distilleries. The combined capacity of these is 213,884 gallons.

A characteristic advertisement appears in an Irish newspaper, as follows.

"Whereas Patrick Malony has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same, his name shall be made public."

A certain Massachusetts farmer, noted for his rather noisy disputes in favor of strict temperance, was much disturbed not long since by some marked indications of illness in one of his best milkers, of a rare imported breed. Fancying that the creature was stricken with cattle-disease, he sent in haste for the village farrier, whom, as it chanced, he had often lectured for his tippling propensities. Dick came, examined the animal, looked grave, and asked:

"Have you any whisky or brandy handy?"

"No," said the farmer.

"Pat, run to the druggist as soon as possible, and tell him I want a quart of brandy for medical purposes."

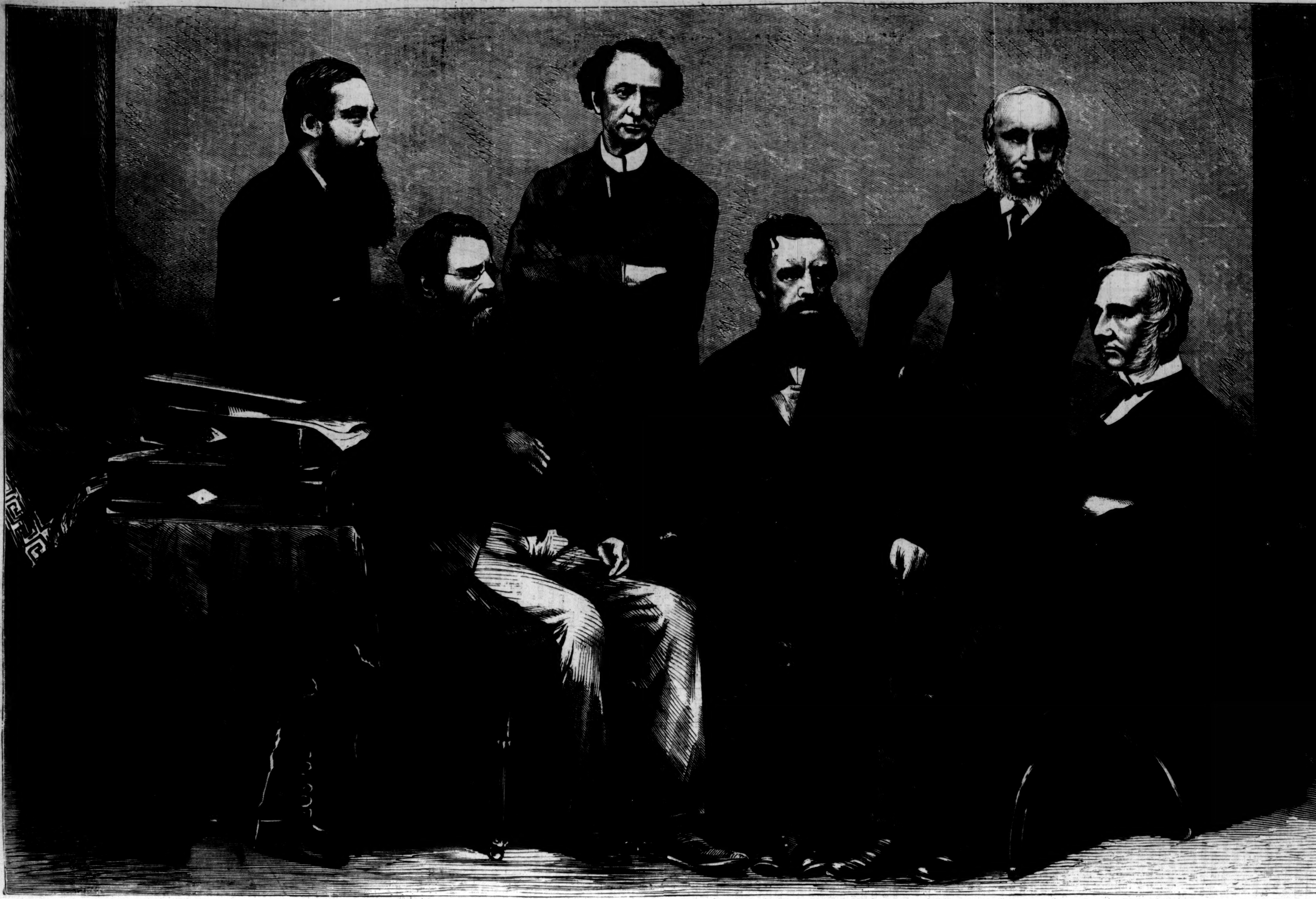
When the liquor arrived, Dick took the bottle, uncorked it, smelled of it, and, taking a good drink, put the bottle in his pocket, saying, "Your cow will be all right presently; I have pulled a thorn out of her foot," and walked off.

Herewith we give a list of a few unquestioned rights of men, merely as a variation upon the "rights of women," which have been more fully discussed. The list, it may be mentioned, is not exhaustive: To fight; to work at the plow, the sledge-hammer, the bellows, the anvil; to cut down trees; to build houses; to dig canals, construct railroads, make steam-vessels, cast cannon, create cities, climb to the top of the mast when the seas roll and the wind blows; to furl a sail that will save the lives of forty female passengers; to chuck coal into the furnace; to feed the fire that heats the water that makes the steam that urges the ship that bears the husband that loves the wife to the house that love built in the city that men built; to stand in the pitiless storm at night, and guard the slumbers of a town; or, in the front of battle, brave the assault that would overwhelm ballot and bonnet, and life and liberty; or, when the fierce flames lick the chamber, to mount through its terrors to save a woman who has fainted with a child clinging to her bosom; and not to get the nicest parts of a turkey or a chicken, or any thing else, if a woman is by and wants them.

Official statements show that there are about one hundred thousand Chinamen in this country. It is the testimony of those who have had opportunity for observation that they are more sober, industrious, and faithful than like classes from European countries. Their general intelligence, also, can not be questioned. Of the Chinese in North Adams all can read and write their own language. On the Pacific Railroad every Chinese laborer, so far as known, is also able to read and write. Of the Chinese in San Francisco, by the recent census, it appears that all can read and write their own language, while there are 7658 foreigners who can neither read nor write. Of these 6882 are from Ireland; 248 from Italy; 283 from Mexico; 40, colored, from the Southern States; 29 from England. Of native Americans nine are returned as unable to read and write. From the last census it appears that there are about twelve thousand Chinese in San Francisco alone.

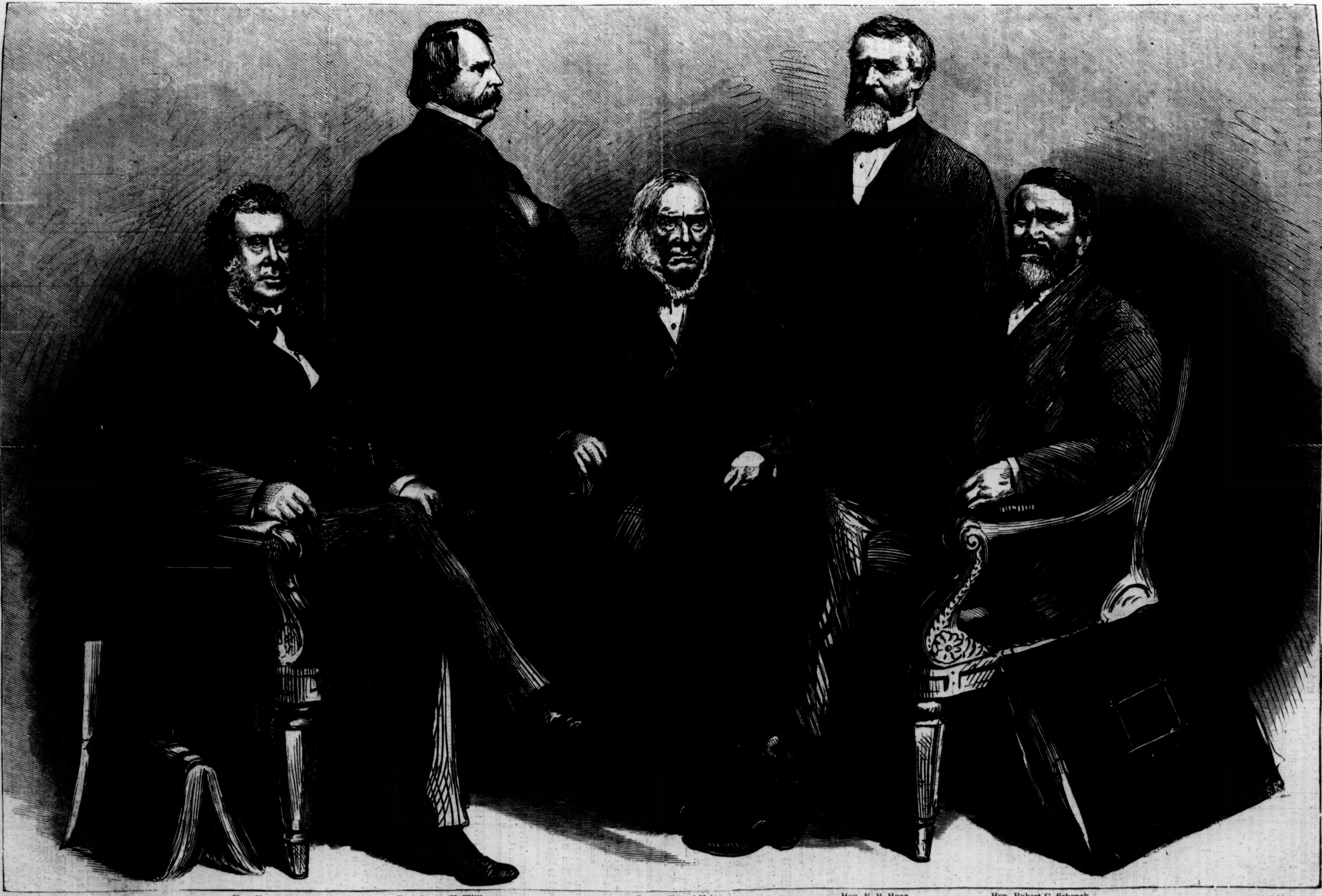
Visitors to Florence make one of their pleasantest excursions in the suburbs to the Villa Salviati, the late residence of Grisi and Mario. The death of Grisi a year or two ago, and the artistic career of Mario in foreign cities, have caused the château to pass into other hands. A great number of curious and artistic articles are now offered for sale to visitors. The villa was built four or five hundred years ago.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, letters were read from Mr. Churchill, the English political agent at Zanzibar, stating that he had succeeded in sending to Dr. Livingstone a reinforcement of seven men, who engaged to place themselves at the disposal of the doctor as porters, boatmen, etc., and a quantity of beads, clothes, and provisions for his use. It is hoped that these will reach Ujiji in the month of February. News was received a short time ago of the arrival at Unyanyembe, in June last, of men and supplies sent up in October, 1869, by Dr. Kirk. Seven of the men had died of cholera, and the remainder, having consumed the provisions forwarded for them, had, with the advice of the Governor of Unyanyembe, drawn upon the supplies of which they were the bearers for their subsistence. The latest accounts from the interior state that Dr. Livingstone, after visiting a place called Manine, had not returned to Ujiji. Sir Henry Rawlinson was of the opinion that if Dr. Livingstone was enabled to reach Zanzibar in February, he would be in England before the end of the present session, and he hoped they would all have the opportunity of welcoming him before the end of June.



Lord Tenterden. Sir Stafford H. Northcote. Sir John A. Macdonald. Earl De Grey and Ripon. Professor Montague Bernard. Sir Edward Thornton.

THE ENGLISH MEMBERS OF THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



Hon. Hamilton Fish. Hon. George H. Williams. Justice Samuel Nelson. Hon. E. R. Hoar. Hon. Robert C. Schenck.

THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.—[See Page 286.]

INVISIBLE ANIMALS.

Life gushes out every where. There is no place were it has not been discovered except in fire; and even there, a few years ago, an ardent Mr. Cox, an Englishman, announced with boldness he had discovered moving, living forms among red-hot coals. Subsequent explorations plainly demonstrated that his imagination was uncontrolled by judgment. But from the lowest depths of the sea, where darkness dwells perpetually, and where hydrostatic pressure and a paucity of oxygen convinced philosophers no form of life could exist, dredgings have brought up extraordinary evidences that organized beings are there in countless millions, in the full enjoyment of life and unrestrained liberty. Every animal, whether on land or aquatic, is bearing in its muscles, its liver, kidneys, heart, and perhaps brain, swarms of independent living parasites many of them too minute to be recognized without a microscope—which are feasting on the parts they occupy.

We shudder at the possibility of having introduced into our bodies the dreaded trichina—the spiral worm of pork notoriety. There are creatures quite as bad-looking, if we could see them, in the best of beef, and certainly numerous in every kind of edible fish, clams, oysters, and other table delicacies. In short, all food, whether vegetable or animal, is infinitely infested with parasites. So is the water we drink. Life is every where. Even the clear atmospheric air we breathe has floating in it eggs of microscopic animals and seeds of plants, which are inhaled with every breath. Fortunately the gastric fluids of our stomachs destroy the vitality of most of them, which otherwise would essentially affect our health. Still it is impossible to live and not be preyed upon by invisible parasites. In the preparation of food, therefore, thorough cooking is the safeguard. Baking and boiling destroys them. If allowed to remain too long after being subjected to that process, a new set of animals immediately take possession, so that nature never relaxes in her unceasing labor of developing life in every thing and every where.

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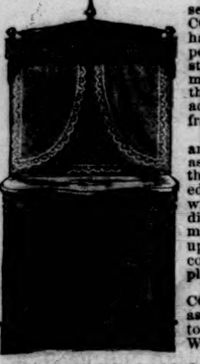

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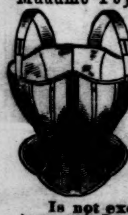

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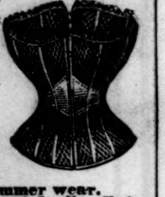

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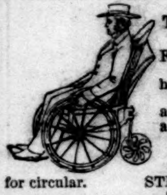

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Chapter IX. New Embarrassments.
Chapter X. A Fearful Discovery.
Chapter XI. False and Forgetful.
Illustrations.—"She caught Minnie in her Arms."—"If I ever see him, I'll let him know what I think of him."—"Hallo, old Man, what's up now?"—"I stood transfixed."—"'It's he!' she murmured."—"Then she flung herself upon the Sofa."

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.
Illustrations.—George H. Nobbs, Pastor of Pitcairn.—Chart of Part of the South Sea.—Wreck of the Pandora.—On the Sandy Islet.—Map of Pitcairn Island.—Maria Christian, Ellen Quintal, Sarah M'Koy.—Landing at Pitcairn Island.—Map of Norfolk Island.—Map of Kingston.—Landing-Place, Sidney Bay, Norfolk Island.—Interior of Norfolk Island.—Naomi Nobbs, Jane Nobbs.—Pitcairn Settlement, Norfolk Island.

BOWERY, SATURDAY NIGHT.
Illustrations.—Infant Germany.—Old Clo' Shop.—The Bowery Shop-Girl.—Unattractive Exile.—Fruit Stand.—Old Bowery Theatre.—Patent Soap Vendor.—A very low Liver.—Not at Home.—Redeeming a Pledge.—A German Institution.—The Hero of the Bowery Drama.—Celebrating the Capitulation of Sedan at the "Atlantic Garden."

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—XVII. The Close of the Seven Years' War, and the Partition of Poland.
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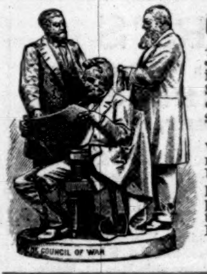

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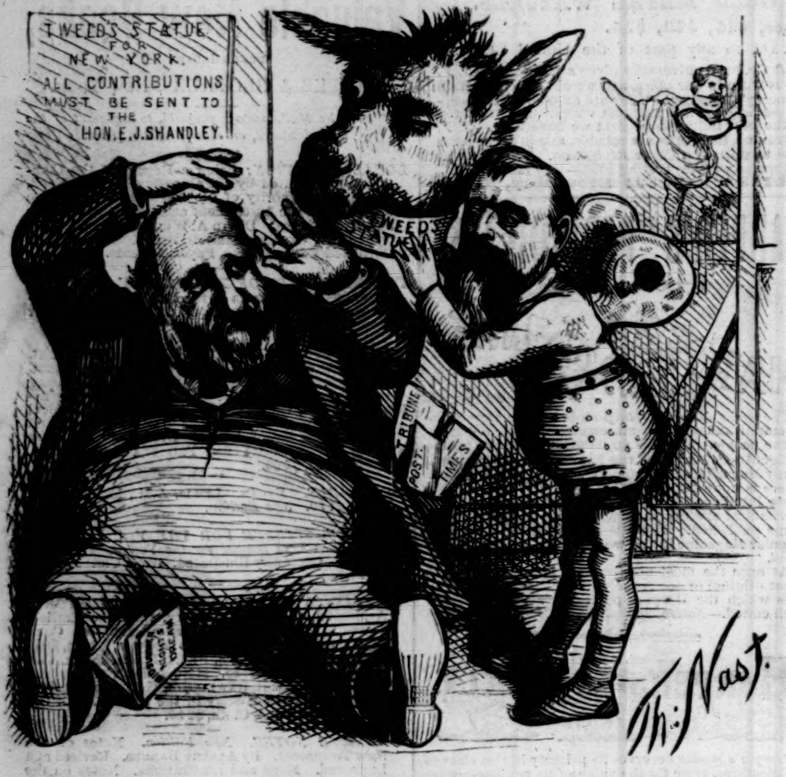
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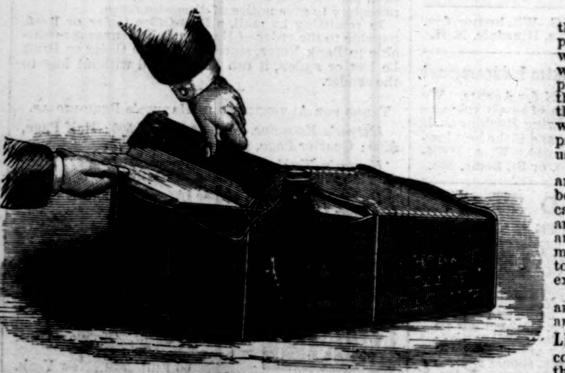

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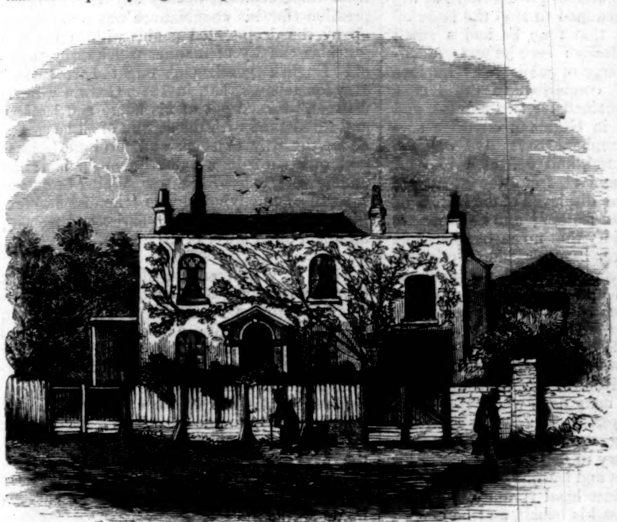
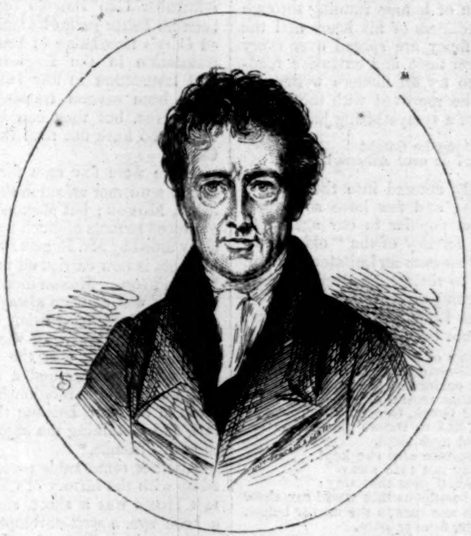


LAMB'S RESIDENCE AT ENFIELD.

In 1822 he wrote to Bernard Barton, a banker's clerk, "I am, like you, a prisoner to the desk; I have been chained to that galley thirty years; I have almost grown to the wood." And again, "What a weight of wearisome prison hours have I to look back and forward to, as quite cut out of life!" Yet he tenders this counsel to the Quaker poet, who had contemplated resigning his post, "trusting to the booksellers" for bread: "Throw yourself from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong upon iron spikes, rather than become the slave of the booksellers;" and he blesses his star "that Providence, not seeing good to make him independent, had seen it next good to settle him down upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall Street;" while he sympathized with, and mourned over, the "corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance." "There is corn in Egypt," he wrote, "while there is cash in Leadenhall." He was therefore content with his lot, although "every half hour's absence from office duties was set down in a book;" yet when ultimately released from the oar, he "could scarcely comprehend the magnitude of his deliverance;" and was grateful for it.

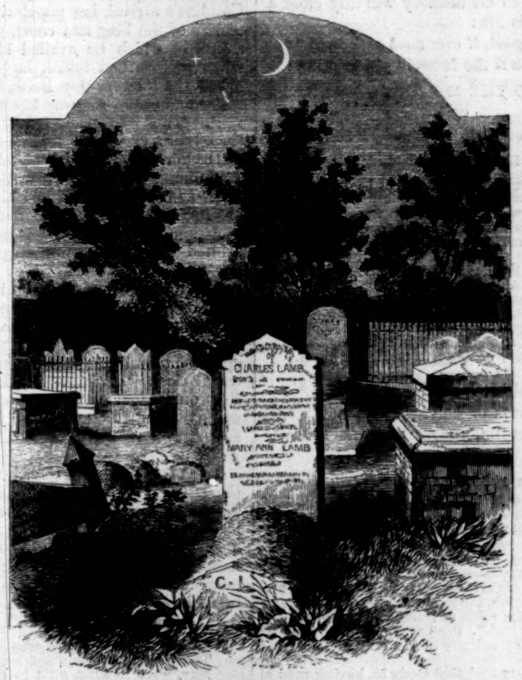
But, in truth, it was no punishment to Charles Lamb to be "in populous city pent." In the streets and alleys of the metropolis he found themes as fertile as his contemporaries had sought and obtained among the hills and valleys of Westmoreland; where great men had trodden was to him "hallowed ground;" and many a dingy building of unseemly brick was to him holy, as the birth-place, the death-place, or the intellectual laboratory of some mighty luminary of the past. He once paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and though he conceded the grandeur and the glory of old Skiddaw, and admitted that he might live a year or so among such scenes, he should "mope and pine away if he had no prospect of again seeing Fleet Street." Writing to the high-priest of Nature, Wordsworth, he says, "I do not now care if I never see a mountain in my life; I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature." And Talfourd heard him declare that his "love for natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass and the stunted trees that blacken in the old church-yard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street." The Strand and Fleet Street were to him "better places to live in, for good and all, than underneath old Skiddaw:" and Covent Garden was "dearer to him than any garden of Alcinous." So late as 1829, when he had been some years free to wander at his own sweet will, he writes to Wordsworth: "Oh, let no Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country any thing better than altogether odious and detestable." But thus on the same subject wrote Robert Southey: "To dwell in that foul city—to endure the common, hollow, cold, lip-intercourse of life—to walk abroad and never see green field, or running brook, or setting sun—will it not wither up my faculties like some poor myrtle that in the

> "'Town air
> Pines in the parlor window?'"



CHARLES LAMB.

Lamb is not the only Londoner to whom the huge city has been, or is, a refreshing luxury. James Smith used to say that "London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter." It was Jekyll who proposed to make country lanes tolerable by having them paved. Dr. Johnson grew angry when people abused London, saying, "Sir, the man who is tired of London is tired of existence." While I had a residence among the healthful commons and thick woods of West Surrey, a distinguished author of this class was my guest, and was located in a pretty little lodge sheltered among tall trees, where nightingales were singing. In the morning he complained they had kept him awake all night. "Well," I said, "surely it is not much of a misery to be kept awake by 'the bird most musical.'" "Nay," he replied, "if I am kept from sleep, I do not see much difference between nightingales and cats!" The love of Lamb for London was, in fact, an absolute passion. Hazlitt says of him, "The streets of London are his fairy-land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest, to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood. He has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance."



THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.

Although Lamb had thus ample scope for continual enjoyment, and was saved from the necessities that so often beset the paths of men of genius, there was a skeleton in his house, and pleasure was ever associated with a terror more appalling than death. His beloved sister—his dear companion and cherished friend—was subject to periodical fits of insanity, during one of which, with her own hand, she killed her beloved mother. There is nothing in human history more entirely sad than the records of the walks these two made together, when, thereafter, as the cloud came over her mind, and she saw the evil hour approaching, they paced along the road and across fields, weeping bitterly both—she to be left at the lunatic asylum until time and regimen restored reason, and he to return to his mournful and lonely home.

What a sad picture it is—harrowing, appalling! Lamb carried with him on such journeys the "strait-waistcoat" that was ever near at hand, and brought it back with him when, sufficiently recovered, she returned with him to gladden his roof-tree; for she brought with her the sunshine as well as the shadow.

The fatal death of the mother took place on the 22d September, 1796. There was, of course, a coroner's inquest, and a verdict—"Lunacy."

The daughter was confined in Bedlam. After a time she was given up to "her friends," and her brother thenceforward became her "guardian." The word is far too weak to convey an idea of the never-ceasing, never-ending care and thought for her consolation and comparative comfort. It is indeed a sad task to picture him, with a perpetual dread of insanity haunting him,* loving one, whom he addresses as "the fair-haired maid" (of whom nothing farther is known), but sacrificing that and all else to solemn and mournful duty. It was, however, duty lightened by love; for intense affection linked these two together from the earliest to the latest hours of their lives. "The two lived as one in double singleness together:" on her side affectionate and earnest watching; on his a charming deference, "pleasant evasions," little touches of gratitude, perpetual care—anxious and troubled care.

In one of her letters to her brother during her temporary confinement she writes: "The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason the Almighty has given me." And she did live to enjoy both, in calm and sorrowful content, to a very old age, surviving her brother many years—dying on the 20th of May, 1847. She was placed in the grave by his side:

> "In death they were not divided."

His life is truly described as a "life of uncongenial toil, diversified with frequent sorrow." Talfourd gently refers to his only blot—his "one single frailty"—"the eagerness with which he would quaff exciting liquors;" that he attributes to "a physical peculiarity of constitution."† It was "a kind of corporeal need," augmented, if not induced, by the heavy, irksome labors of his dull office, and still more by "the sorrows that environed him, and which tempted him to snatch a fearful joy." Lamb himself refers to his excessive love of tobacco, and his vain attempts to subdue or to control it, and describes "how from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery."

Yet, although with many drawbacks, the life of Charles Lamb was by no means without enjoyment. He had many attached friends, the earliest and the latest being his school-mate Coleridge. This tribute is from his pen:

> "My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
> And hungered after nature many a year,
> In the great city pent; winning thy way
> With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
> And strange calamity!"

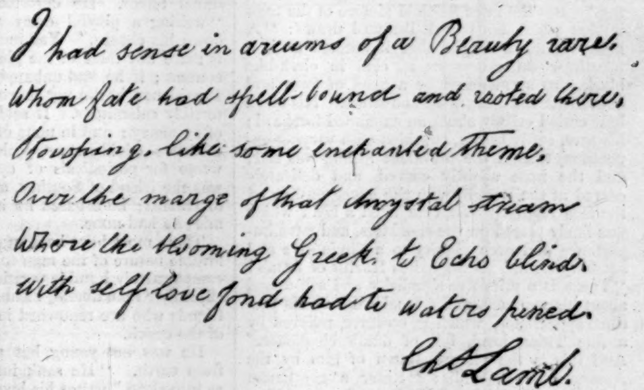
And this is the tribute of Robert Southey:

> "Charles Lamb, to those who knew thee justly dear
> For rarest genius and for sterling worth,
> Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,
> And wit that never gave an ill thought birth,
> Nor even in its sport infixed a sting."

It was said of him that "he had the faculty of turning even casual acquaintances into friends," and he thus touchingly records their departure:

> "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces;
> Some they have died, and some they have left me,
> And some are taken from me, all are departed,
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

He was a most delightful companion, and a firm and true and never-changing friend. Of the latter there is evidence in his memorable letter to Southey, whom he considered to have wrongfully assailed Leigh Hunt;* of the former we have the testimony of so many that it is needless to quote them. Among his more frequent companions and intimate friends were Hazlitt, Godwin, Thelwall, Basil Montagu and his estimable lady, Procter, Barnes, Haydon, Carey, Knowles, Moxon, Hood, and Hone; while, later in life, he was often cheered by the light that emanated from good and tender Talfourd. His loving and eloquent biographer describes, with singular felicity, Lamb's "suppers" in the Middle Temple. In 1800 he was living at No. 16 Mitre Court Buildings; in 1817 he had removed to lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden, the corner house, "delightfully situated between the two great theatres." Afterward he was again a resident in the Temple. Later in life, his residence was at Enfield, in an "odd-looking, gambogish-colored house," from which, in 1833, he removed to Church Street, Edmonton. In 1834, in the sixtieth year of his age, he died.



I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare,
Whom fate had spell-bound and rooted there,
Stooping, like some enchanted theme,
Over the marge of that crystal stream
Where the blooming Greek, to Echo blind,
With self love fond had to waters pined.

Chs Lamb.

FAC-SIMILE OF LAMB'S HANDWRITING.

"Bay Cottage," as it is now called—and I believe was called when Lamb inhabited it—is a poor dwelling: mournful-looking enough; it could never have been calculated to dissipate the gloom that must have perpetually saddened the heart and mind of the poet.

Lamb and his sister were but lodgers; the house was kept by a woman named Redford, who—I learned from a person still residing there, and who well remembers both the afflicted inmates—lived by taking charge of insane patients, and was by no means worthy of such a trust, for she had habits that probably did not receive any check from the interesting patients of whom she had the care. The person I refer to recollects Miss Lamb cutting up her feather-bed, and scattering the feathers to the winds out of her window; and told me, what I am loth to believe, that whenever Lamb or his sister "misbehaved" themselves Redford was in the habit of thrusting them into a miserable closet of the room, where they were confined sometimes for hours together until it pleased the harpy to give them freedom.†

Lamb did not die in that humiliating house: his friends—according to the authority I have quoted—having discovered the manner in which he was treated, removed him from the woman's custody, a few weeks before his death, to Edmonton, and it was at Edmonton he died.

Lamb has recently received ample justice at the hands of an estimable gentleman and delightful author—a kindred spirit, who was the friend of nearly all the great men and women of his age, and who could in no way better have closed a long career of honorable intellectual labor than by a biography of one he knew so well and loved so much.[*] He is the last of that glorious galaxy of genius that early in the present century glorified the intellectual world:

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* There was a tendency to insanity in the family; and Charles himself was for a time "under restraint." In one of his letters to Coleridge he refers to the "six months he was in a mad-house at Hoxton."

† Procter is by no means willing to admit that the charge of inebriety can be sustained: indeed, he denies that it can be substantiated by proof, intimating that a very small portion of alcohol "upset his head."

* Lamb's bitter letter to Southey—whose only offense was, that in an article in the *Quarterly Review* he had spoken of Hunt as the author of a "book that wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original"—he repented of, and atoned for. His guardian angel, he said (meaning his sister), was absent when he wrote it. They met, and were again friends; and in a letter to Southey, written long afterward, he thus wrote: "Look on me as a dog who went once temporarily insane and bit you."

† My valued and venerable friend, Mr. Procter, not only questions this statement, but protests against it. Notwithstanding, I believe it to be correct; that it is the melancholy record of a sad fact.

> "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

Lamb had many peculiarities; all of them were, to say the least, harmless. He playfully alludes to some of them: "I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers." "My letters are generally charged double at the post-office, from their clumsiness of foldure."

The first time I saw and spoke with Charles Lamb was where he was most at home—in Fleet Street. He was of diminutive and even ungraceful appearance, thin and wiry, clumsily clad, and with a shuffling gait, more than awkward; though covered, it was easy to perceive that the head was of no common order, for the hat fell back as if it fitted better there than over a large intellectual forehead, which overhung a countenance somewhat expressive of anxiety and even pain; yet, as it was afterward described to me by one of his nearest friends—Leigh Hunt—"deeply marked, and full of noble lines, with traces of sensibility, imagination, and much thought." His wit was in his eye—luminous, quick, and restless; and the smile that played about his mouth was cordial and good-humored. His person and his mind were happily characterized by his contemporary: "As his frame, so his genius; as fit for thought as can be, and equally as unfit for action." In one of his playful moods he thus describes himself: "Below the middle stature, cast of face slightly Jewish, stammers abominably." Leigh Hunt recollected him, when young, coming to see the boys at Christ's Hospital, "with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease;" and he says of him in after life, "He had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as pure a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. His features are strongly yet delicately cut; he has a fine eye as well as forehead, and no face carries in it greater marks of thought and feeling." But the most finished picture of the man is that which his friend Talfourd draws: "A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem." Thus writes Hazlitt of Lamb: "There is a primitive simplicity and self-denial about his manners, and a Quakerism in his personal appearance, which is, however, relieved by a fine Titian head, full of dumb eloquence." And this is the picture drawn of him by the American, N. P. Willis: "Enter a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bend, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth." John Forster, writing of him in the *New Monthly Magazine* (1835), says: "His face was deeply marked, and full of noble lines—traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought." Recently, Procter has thus described Lamb: "A small spare man—somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in his dress, which indicated much wear; he had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes; he had a dark complexion, dark curling hair, almost black; and a grave look, lighting up occasionally, and capable of sudden merriment; his lip tremulous with expression; his brown eyes were quick, restless, and glittering."

Some time in 1827 or 1828 I met Lamb twice or thrice at the house of Coleridge, and one evening in particular I recall with peculiar pleasure. There were not many present, none I can remember, except Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. The poet-philosopher engaged in a contest of words with his friend upon that topic concerning which Coleridge was ever eloquent—the power to reconcile Fate with Free-will. Alas! I am unable to recall to memory a single sentence that was said. I only know the impression left upon me was that of envy of the one and pity for the other; envy of the philosopher who reasoned so cheerfully and hopefully, and pity for the essayist whose despondency seemed rather of the heart than of the mind. Unhappily I did not turn to account the opportunities I had of seeing and knowing more of Lamb. I might surely have done so; but little thought had I then, or for a long time afterward, that it would ever be my task to write a memory of the man.

"His poems were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names:" that is the statement of one who knew him intimately. "No one," writes Hazlitt, "ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half sentences."[†]

His more enthusiastic admirers give him high rank as a poet: I confess I can not see much in his poetry that justifies the world in so placing him, although there are two or three of his poems that justify the high praise he received. As a gentle and genial critic he claims a foremost station.[*] But it is as an essayist that he has been, and ever will be, most valued. The "Essays of Elia" have a prominent position among the "classics" of England. They are full of wisdom, pregnant of genuine wit, abound in true pathos, and have a rich vein of humor running through them all. The kindliness of his heart and the playfulness of his fancy are spread over every page. If his maturer taste and extensive reading compelled him to try all modern writers by a severe standard, he reproved with the mildly persuasive bearing of a sympathizing judge:

> Of right and wrong he taught
> Truths as refined as ever Athens heard."

No writer more fully entered into the spirit of the older dramatists; and few have so largely aided to render them popular in our age.[†] If his style reminds us forcibly of the "old inventive poets," he never appears an imitator of them. His mind was akin to theirs: he lived his days and nights in their company.

I copy these lines from Mrs. Hall's Album; I believe they have not been heretofore in print:

> "I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare,
> Whom fate had spell-bound and rooted there,
> Stooping, like some enchanted theme,
> Over the marge of that crystal stream
> Where the blooming Greek, to echo blind,
> With self-love fond, had to waters pined.
> Ages had waked, and ages slept,
> And that bending posture still she kept;
> For her eyes she may not turn away
> Till a fairer object shall pass that way;
> Till an image more beauteous this world can show
> Than her own which she sees in the mirror below.
> Pore on, fair creature, forever pore,
> Nor dream to be disenchanted more;
> For vain is expectance, and wish is vain,
> Till a new Narcissus can come again."—C. Lamb.

It is said of Lamb that, being applied to for a memoir of himself, he made answer that "it would go into an epigram." His life was indeed of "mingled yarn," good and ill together, but the latter was in the larger proportion. "He had strange phases of calamity," living in continual terror. He described himself as once "writing a playful essay with tears trickling down his cheeks." Yet in none of his writings is there any taint of the gloom that brings discontent; if he had unhappily too little trust in Providence, he did not murmur at a dispensation terribly calamitous. If seldom cheerful, he was often merry; and in none of his writings is there evidence of ill-nature, jealousy, or envy. He wrote for periodicals of opposite opinions; he was the friend of Southey, and he was the friend of Hazlitt; he aroused no animosities, and enemies he had none.

There must have been much in the genial and lovable nature of the man to attract to him—in a comparatively humble position, and with restricted, rather than liberal, means—so many attached friends who are renowned in the literary history of the epoch.

He was not young, but not old, when called from earth. "He sank into death as placidly as into sleep," writes his loved and loving friend, Talfourd; he was laid in Edmonton Church-yard, "in a spot which, a short time before, he had pointed out to the sexton as the place of his choice for a final home." A venerable yew-tree still lives beside a tomb of remote date; and several almshouses for aged men and women skirt one of the sides of the cemetery—pleasant objects for the poet to have thought over when selecting his last resting-place. A line from Wordsworth's Monody to his memory will fitly close a brief record of his life:

> "Oh, he was good, if ever good man lived."

On the tombstone is the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY
OF
CHARLES LAMB,
DIED 27TH DECEMBER, 1834, AGED 59.

> "Farewell, dear friend; that smile, that harmless mirth,
> No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
> That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
> Better than words no more assuage our woe;
> That hand outstretched from small but well-earned store,
> Yields succor to the destitute no more.
> Yet art thou not all lost; through many an age,
> With sterling sense and humor, shall thy page
> Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
> That old and happier vein revived in thee.
> This for our earth; and if with friends we share
> Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there."

ALSO MARY ANNE LAMB,
SISTER OF THE ABOVE,
BORN 3D DECEMBER, 1767. DIED 20TH MAY, 1847.

The lines were written at the suggestion of the publisher, Moxon, by the Rev. F. H. Cary,[‡] the translator of Dante. He was one of the essayist's dearest friends. Many will remember that estimable man and most accomplished scholar, when discharging his daily duty at the British Museum. I recall him to memory as very kindly, with a most gracious and sympathizing expression; slow in his movements, as if he were always in thought living among the books of which he was the custodian, and sought only the companionship of the lofty spirits who had gone from earth—those who, though dead, yet speak. I remember Ugo Foscolo (and there could have been no better authority) telling me he considered Cary's translation of Dante not only the best translation in the English language, but the best translation in any language. There have since been several translations of the mighty Florentine, but they can be tolerated only by those who have not read that of the Rev. F. H. Cary.

There were few men for whom Lamb entertained a warmer affection than he did for the publisher, **Moxon**; but Moxon was a poet also, and produced sonnets of much beauty. He was essentially aided by Mr. Rogers in his business, and that business is now carried on in Dover Street by Mr. Moxon's son. Moxon died early in life; his constitution was delicate always, and the somewhat sad and painful expression of his gentle countenance was indicative of the disease to which he succumbed. He was the executor of Charles Lamb, and maintained a close correspondence and an intimate relationship with many other poets of his time, keeping their friendship to the last, and sustaining the high character that made them his friends.[*]

Another remarkable person is somewhat mixed up with the history of Charles Lamb. **William Hone** was a short, stout, active man, with a keen eye, a well-developed forehead, having a tendency to baldness, a slightly upturned nose, and a general look of cleverness. He had been an unsuccessful man of projects, and an unlucky bookseller, when he published in a cheap form some political parodies that had considerable sale. This led to his famous prosecutions, as the government had determined to stop the issue of all such works. At that time he had a small shop at No. 67 Old Bailey: here he was suddenly arrested on the charge of publishing "impious and profane libels," committed to the King's Bench, where he remained for two months, and was ultimately tried in Guildhall on three successive days of December, 1817. He was too poor to engage counsel, and defended himself. His defense was a marvel, from the great and peculiar knowledge he displayed of the history of parody from the day of Luther; and he proved to the satisfaction of a jury that no such work as he was tried for had ever been considered criminal in the sense the Attorney-general put upon it. Justice Abbott tried him the first day; but on the second Lord Chief-justice Ellenborough came expressly to—convict. He began by endeavoring to arrest his style of defense, but Hone outmastered him, and was again acquitted. With unparalleled vindictiveness the third trial was proceeded with the next day, when Hone was almost too weak to speak. But the harshness of Ellenborough strung up his energies, and he again induced the jury to deliver a verdict in his favor. His boldness and learning, and the stout stand he made against legal tyranny, led to a public subscription on his behalf, and he opened a shop (45 Ludgate Hill), whence emanated that famous series of political pamphlets illustrated by George Cruikshank—the severest stings the government had to endure. They sold enormously: twenty-five or thirty editions of more than a thousand each, spread them far and wide. Queen Caroline's arrival, her popularity, and the unpopularity of the king and court, gave full scope for satire, of which he availed himself. In 1825, when politics had lulled, he projected and published the "Every-day Book," in which his peculiar and out-of-the-way knowledge found useful vent. That was succeeded by other works, continued for a series of years, when the public interest began to fail, and ultimately Hone established a dining-establishment in Gracechurch Street. After some time that failed also, and he died in obscure and needy circumstances.

Although so many of Hone's parodies were printed, it is difficult now to procure a copy of any one of them. That they were "atrocities" there can be no doubt; and it is certain that their issue ought to have been stopped and their author punished. But the government assumed the attitude of a bully and the character of an oppressor, and public sympathy was with the wrong-doer. I frequently talked with him in his shop on Ludgate Hill, and found him gentle in manners, obliging, and full of information, which he was ever ready to communicate.

William Godwin, the close associate, if not the friend, of Lamb, I met in the company of Elia more than once. But I remember him when he kept a bookseller's shop on Snow Hill. I was a school-boy then, and purchased a book there—handed to me by himself. It was a poor shop, poorly furnished—its contents consisting chiefly of children's books, with the old colored prints that would strangely contrast with the art-illustrations of to-day.[*]

He was the husband of Mary Wollstonecraft. They had lived together in loose bonds, believing, or at least arguing, that wedlock was an unbecoming tie. They changed their minds, however, in course of time, yielding probably to the persuasions of friends, and married. Their daughter was the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. She wrote several works of fiction, the only one of which that is not quite forgotten is "Frankenstein."[†] Although he continued to adore Reason all his life, his conduct was not so offensive as to forbid occasional association with good men like Coleridge, and genial men like Lamb. In person he was remarkably sedate and solemn, resembling in dress and manner a Dissenting minister rather than the advocate of "free thought" in all things—religious, moral, social, and intellectual. He was short and stout; his clothes loosely and carelessly put on, and usually old and worn; his hands were generally in his pockets; he had a remarkably large, bald head, and a weak voice—seeming generally half asleep when he walked, and even when he talked. Few who saw this man of calm exterior, quiet manners, and inexpressive features could have believed him to have originated three romances—"Falkland," "Caleb Williams," and "St. Leon"—not yet forgotten because of their terrible excitements—and the work, "Political Justice," which for a time created a sensation that was a fear in every state of Europe.[‡]

Eventually he obtained a sinecure in the Exchequer; and on a comforting stipend of £200 a year he passed the later years of his life. He died in 1836, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was buried in Cripplegate Church-yard.

Lamb called him "a good-natured heathen." Southey said of him, in 1797, "He has large noble eyes, and a nose—oh! most abominable nose;" and he is thus pictured by Talfourd: "The disproportion of a frame which, low of stature, was surmounted by a massive head which might befit a presentable giant, was rendered almost imperceptible, not by any vivacity of expression (for his countenance was rarely lighted up by the deep-seated genius within), but by a gracious suavity of manner which many 'a fine old English gentleman' might have envied." Haydon tells us that, in 1822, Godwin was "in distress," turned out of his house and business, and threatened with the seizure of all he possessed in the way of stock and furniture." Lamb and others made a subscription for him; and among the subscribers was Walter Scott, who subscribed anonymously, as "he dissented from Mr. Godwin's theories of politics and morality, although an admirer of his genius."

How very different in all respects was that other companion—the friend, indeed—of Charles Lamb—**Thomas Noon Talfourd**![§] Tender, suave, and eloquent; a liberal and enlightened lawyer; a graceful yet lofty poet; with charity for all, sympathy for all, and help for all—wherever help was needed.

He made his way by force of genius, aided by high integrity, to the Bench, and died a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was one of the few examples of a lawyer in full practice pursuing a successful career as an author; one from whom no penalty was exacted, although, no doubt, he did often

> "Pen a sonnet when he should engross."

His manners were peculiarly bland and gentle; he had a calm but expressive countenance; and he was obviously a man whom those who knew must love. As a poet, his reputation rests on his tragedy of "Ion." He was the friend of many literary persons, and often their counselor. For some years he represented Reading in Parliament, and died universally esteemed and respected.

Miss Mitford, who knew him when a youth, prophesied his after fame. Writing to one of her friends, she said of him, "You should know that he has the very great advantage of having nothing to depend upon but his own talents and industry; and those talents are, I assure you, of the very highest order. I know nothing so eloquent as his conversation—so powerful, so full; passing with equal ease from the plainest detail to the loftiest and most sustained flights of imagination; heaping, with unrivaled fluency of words and ideas, image upon image, and illustration upon illustration. Never was conversation so dazzling, so glittering."

Among the friends of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb at the close of the last century was **John Thelwall**, who had been tried for high treason, in 1794, with Hardy and Horne Tooke. I knew him in 1816, in Bristol, while I was spending my school holidays there. He was delivering lectures on elocution in that city. I recall him as a man of small and delicate form, but of remarkable energy, though aged then: in person small, compact, muscular, with a head denoting indomitable resolution, and features deeply furrowed by ardent workings of the mind. He had lost his teeth, which dental surgery at that day could not replace; yet he spoke with much point and fervor, and was singularly graceful in movement—having the aspect and manner of a perfect gentleman, although brought up at "a tailor's board"—as he stood and addressed the audience, habited in pantaloons the fashion of the period, and a short coat of a make then novel. Wordsworth, who knew and respected him, described him as "a man of extraordinary talent, an affectionate husband, and a good father;" and adds, "Though brought up in the city at a tailor's board, he was truly sensible of the beauty of natural objects."

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[*] Bryan Waller Procter, who made a renown under the *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall: he lives in a green old age, honored and beloved.

[†] Of his ready wit many anecdotes are told. That is well known which describes him as at a rubber of whist (a game of which he was excessively fond) saying to his partner, "Oh, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!" Mrs. Mathews (the widow of the famous Charles), who describes him as tall, and lean, and little beholden to his tailor—"his face the gravest I have ever seen"—tells the somewhat well-known story of Lamb taking sea-baths, giving directions to the man who was to dip him, stuttering them out—"I-I-I'm to be dip-p-ped." "Yes, Sir;" and down he went. Rising and regaining his breath, he repeated, "I-I'm to be dip-dip-ped." "Yes, Sir;" and down he went again. A third time the dose was repeated, and then, when nearly suffocated, Lamb managed to stutter out, "O-only once."

[*] Swinburne, in his critical essay on William Blake, says: "Charles Lamb, the most supremely competent judge and exquisite critic of lyrical and dramatic art that we have ever had." Procter styles him "one of the rarest and most delicate of the humorists of England."

[†] There is a story told that Godwin, having read a passage which he believed to be out of one of the old dramatic poets, sought eagerly for it, in vain, through the pages of the early dramatists, and, in his perplexity, applied to Lamb to guide him. It was a passage from John Woodvill!

[‡] His son, who gives me this information, transcribed for me "some other lines by the same pen, written on receiving back, through Mr. Moxon, Phillips's 'Theatorem Poetæ Anglicanorum,' which Lamb had borrowed of my father. They give a beautiful picture of Lamb's character, alluding in happy vein even to his well-known weakness. The book had a leaf turned down at the account of Sir Philip Sidney. Its receipt was acknowledged to Moxon as follows:

> "'So should it be, my gentle friend,
> Thy leaf last closed at Sidney's end.
> Thou too, like Sidney, wouldst have given
> The water, thirsting, and near heaven;
> Nay, were it wine, fill'd to the brim,
> Thou hadst look'd hard, but given, like him.
> And art thou mingled then among
> Those famous sons of ancient song?
> And do they gather round and praise
> Thy relish of their nobler lays,
> Waxing in mirth to hear thee tell
> With what strange mortals thou didst dwell,
> At thy quaint sallies more delighted
> Than any long among them lighted?
> 'Tis done; and thou hast joined a crew
> To whom thy soul was justly due;
> And yet I think, where'er those be,
> They'll scarcely love thee more than we.'"

[*] Moxon married Miss Emma Isola, a "very dear friend" of the Lambs, who was regarded, indeed, as their adopted daughter.

[*] He kept his shop under the name of Edward Baldwin; assuredly, if it had been kept in his own, he would have had few customers, for his published opinions had excited general hostility, to say the least.

[†] "Godwin had Mary Wollstonecraft for his wife, Mrs. Shelley for his daughter, and the immortal Shelley as his son-in-law."—Talfourd.

[‡] His "Political Justice" is now forgotten; but "it carried one single shock into the bosom of English society like that from the electric blow of the gymnotus."—De Quincey.

[§] Talfourd was one of the executors of Lamb. He first published "Letters and a Sketch of his Life," and twelve years afterward, "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb." The former he dedicated to M Anne Lamb, the latter to William Wordsworth.

There was another man of mark whom I met occasionally when it was my privilege to sit among the great, whom it is now my higher privilege to portray—WILLIAM HAZLITT. His grandson, one of the Registrars in the Court of Bankruptcy, has recently published two large volumes of his biography and correspondence. He was of Irish descent—his father was a Unitarian minister—and he was born at Maidstone in 1778. He was designed for the ministry, but "took" early to art, and painted some portraits —learning enough, at least, to give value to his art-criticisms. His profession was purely that of a man of letters, "depending on his literary earnings for subsistence to the last." He died in London in 1830, at the comparatively young age of fifty-two.

He was a reformer of the old school; more than that, indeed—he was a democrat, a hater of authorities, and any thing but a lover of his native land, the very opposite of some of the friends who cheered and helped him on his way through life. His admiration of the first Napoleon amounted almost to insanity: even generous Talfourd describes him as "staggering under the blow of Waterloo, and hardly able to forgive the valor of the conquerors." He styles him, however, "the great critic and thinker." His "Lectures on the Poets" and his "Essays on Art" are full of valuable knowledge, and may be studied to-day with profit and pleasure; while his dramatic criticisms may still be read with delight, although the actors, with scarcely an exception, are all gone.

I remember him as a little, mean-looking, unprepossessing man; but I am very unwilling to accept Haydon's estimate of him—"A singular compound of malice, candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy, and conceit." Such a man could not have obtained this testimony from Charles Lamb; and no man knew him better than did the gentle and genial essayist: "I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion." Yet De Quincey says of him, "He was splenetic, and more than peevish;" but "the soil in his brain was of a volcanic fertility;" "he smiled upon no man;" "his misanthropy was constitutional;" "there was a dark sinister gloom forever upon his countenance;" "it seemed to me that he hated, even more than enemies, those whom hollow custom obliged him to call his friends."*

He was of slight make—thin, indeed; but his frame was "wiry and compact." He is thus described by Gilfillan: "His face was pale and earnest, almost to haggardness, yet finely formed; his eye eager, like that of one seeking to see, rather than seeing into the strange mystery of being around him; his brow elevated; his hair dark and abundant." He had a lonely life: few to sustain, and none to cheer him; none of the sweet amenities of home.† As a professed critic he had the common lot—few friends, many foes. He had "restless and stormy passions"—so, at least, say those who knew him best—and these were neither subdued nor controlled by any Faith that nourishes and strengthens Hope and Charity.

Only once I saw DE QUINCEY—another of the band who occasionally made glorious the evenings of Charles Lamb in Mitre Court. That remarkable man, whose story has been often and fully told, is thus described by Gilfillan: "A little, pale-faced, woe-begone, and attenuated man, with a small head, a peculiar but not large brow, and lustreless eyes; yet one who would pour into your ear a stream of learning, and talk like one inspired—or mad." His death was somewhat sudden. He had a fall that induced dangerous symptoms, and on the 27th of December, 1834, he died at Edmonton, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

I knew also in the year 1824-25, and more than once visited him in his Library in Queen Square, Westminster, that very venerable gentleman—JEREMY BENTHAM. He died in 1832, at the age of eighty, having been called to the bar in 1772. His head was singularly fine—grand, indeed, with white flowing locks that hung gracefully over his shoulders, with a pleasant yet strongly intellectual countenance, that conveyed the idea of habitual cheerfulness, and a smile that seemed perpetual, and indicated perfect benevolence—of mind and heart. His bust has been often mistaken for that of Franklin, whom, no doubt, he much resembled. Hazlitt has said of him, "He lived like an anchorite in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine"—"overlaying his natural humor, sense, spirit, and style with the dust and cobwebs of an obscure solitude." It is a far higher estimate—that which his intimate friend Sir John Bowring (now himself an octogenarian) gives of the powerful intellect and generous sympathies of one of the most remarkable men of the century—of the eighteenth rather than of the nineteenth century.

These are but slight sketches of some of the friends or associates of Charles Lamb, but they may not be regarded as out of place when "companioning" a portrait of gentle, genial "Elia."

BEING DROWNED.

SOME extraordinary mental phenomena occur in drowning. As soon as respiration is suspended by the indrawing of water into the lungs, consciousness is immediately extinguished. From all that can be gathered in regard to the action of the heart, that organ probably acts, but feebly, a considerable time after the function of respiration is suspended. By its muscular force arterial blood is driven onwardly to the head faster than the veins bring it back, and consequently the mind is plunged, as it were, into profound sleep; for the loss of consciousness results from a sudden apoplexy induced by an extra accumulation of blood in the delicate texture of the brain.

When the pulsations of the heart stop, then the tension of the muscles relax; and if no efforts at resuscitation are made, vital heat diminishes gradually, and the next change is an expansion of compressed gases in cavities of the body, due to the first processes of chemical decomposition. If the body, however, is recovered immediately, even though respiration and the circulation are quiescent, it is possible to reestablish the movement of the blood by artificial warmth, friction, and artificial inflation of the lungs, vigilantly continued for a long while. The trial is not always successful, but so encouraging that the prospect demands the utmost perseverance.

With the revived action of the heart, the moment the lungs begin to take in oxygen from the air forced into them, life begins to return. So it is admitted by physiological philosophers that the soul is won back, if it had gone, in the act of restoration; or else it is morally certain its departure at death is a gradual process, which may be interrupted, and it reimprisoned in the brain again by human effort and skill.

ELIZABETH AT OXFORD.

ONE seems to breathe a purer atmosphere on escaping from the Oxonians who covered the Prince Regent with fulsome adulation, and returning to the scholars of the sixteenth century, who rendered to Elizabeth the homage of enthusiastic loyalty on the occasion of her first visit to Oxford after her assumption of the crown. From Antony Wood, the historian of her reception by the children of Alma Mater, the reader gets no revelations of ludicrous obsequiousness and revolting sycophancy. The gownsmen, it is true, testified their reverence for the supréme governor of the land by remaining on their knees while her coach passed them on her way from the North Gate, called Bocardo, after the adjacent prison —an attitude by no means declaratory in feudal England of the personal abasement which it implies in modern England; but, though they observed this requirement of formal etiquette, they appear in all other particulars to have conducted themselves toward their sovereign like intelligent and self-respecting men. Wood speaks heartily of "her sweet, affable, and noble carriage," but not a word of her "condescension" in deigning to eat meat and drink good wine. And the contrast between the tone of the Caroline antiquary and the Georgian committee of academic toadies is all the more remarkable and significant, because the former was no person to underrate the sacred qualities of loyalty, and lived in times when general usage sanctioned an extreme respectfulness to rank, that had fallen into total desuetude before the opening of the nineteenth century, and when the fashion of addressing princes in what Professor Huber calls "flummery" still prevailed among courtiers.

Like her father's appearances in Oxford, Elizabeth's visits to the national seats of learning were made with political design and for the furtherance of public ends. In deciding to pay Oxford the same compliment which she had rendered Cambridge two years earlier, she was actuated by a desire to strengthen her party in the ecclesiastical order, and to give the rigid Puritans, on the one hand, and the Church Papists (as Wood, himself a Church Papist, designates them), on the other, an opportunity of learning from the lines of her resolute, though feminine, face, that the imperious temper of the Tudors was one of the characteristics which she had inherited through a despotic father from an overbearing ancestry, and that Henry the Eighth's daughter was no less strongly qualified to conquer opponents and assert the principles of personal government than the monarch who, after driving the Pope's emissaries from his dominions, had answered the papal menaces with derision.

It is credible that, on announcing her pleasure to pass a few days at Oxford to the Earl of Leicester (Chancellor of the University), to Secretary Cecil, and to the ladies of her court, she observed in homely terms, with a saucy, wicked, significant smile playing over her thin lips as she spake, "I mean to let the scholars see that I am not in the humor to stand any nonsense;" for certain it is that her demeanor in the schools was calculated to produce that impression. President Humphrey of Magdalen received a lesson which he did not speedily forget, when, on allowing that Puritan divine to kiss her hand, she observed dryly concerning his canonical vestments and the notorious reluctance with which he had assumed them, "Dr. Humphrey, methinks that gown and habit becomes you very well; and I marvel that you are so strait-laced in this point—but I come not now to chide." Thus Puritanism received a frown from the haughty lady, who did not fail to seize appropriate opportunities for frowning with equal effect on the scholars who were known to abhor the Reformation, although they had prudently conformed to the new ordering of ecclesiastical affairs. A strangely threatening light passed from her eyes to every one of the group of doctors who pointed out the place where St. Frideswide's relics and the remains of Peter Martyr's wife had been interred together.

But though she gave her enemies stern looks that troubled their sleep during many subsequent nights, she overflowed with graciousness to the scholars whose homage had, or appeared to have, the recommendation of sincerity. To the boys, who from their knees hailed her with cries of "Vivat Regina," as she entered the town, she showed a right joyful countenance, and exclaimed repeatedly, "Gratias ago, gratias ago." Of the Latin and Greek verses, which the Oxonians had composed in laud of her beauty and queenly excellence, and had stuck upon the gates and walls of the colleges, there was scarce a single set which did not elicit from her lips a few words of special commendation. With not a little of courtly hypocrisy she professed herself inordinately delighted with the series of wearisome Latin orations to which she was compelled to listen, and with the several disputations in St. Mary's Church and the schools, of which she was the attentive auditor. At one of these tedious exercises in the University Church, Dr. Kennall, the Vice-Chancellor, exercising his moderator's privilege, would fain "have cut off Dr. Thomas Whyte, of New College, one of the opponents, because his disputations were too large;" whereupon her Highness—saving the prosy speaker from the sting of an affront which, but for her kindly intervention, would have rendered him ever afterward contemptible in the university—proclaimed herself so abundantly gratified by the disputant's good sense and admirably delivered arguments that she could not permit him to be deprived of liberty to finish his speech in his own way. In which matter, most of my readers will concur with me in thinking that Elizabeth showed herself a considerate gentlewoman.

While thus overflowing with affability to those of the dons whom she had no political reasons for regarding with disfavor, she exhibited to the under-graduates the hearty kindliness of an elder sister bent on making a riotous bevy of younger brothers enjoy a period of festivity. Arresting the lads, as they marched before her with their caps in their hands, she gossiped with them about their homes, proved their quickness in capping verses, and, tickled into merriment by their frank answers to her reassuring speeches, laughingly told them that they were saucy boys, who needed much more whipping than they got from their tutors. More than one blue-eyed, chubby-cheeked little fellow she patted with motherly fondness on the shoulder, and dismissed with a kiss and a "tip" of money, equal in value to the "half a suffran" which George Coriat, Bachelor of Arts of New College, received for his "pains" in welcoming the Queen and her retinue to that learned house with a Latin oration.

One of the many pleasant scenes that arose out of her genial and frolicsome intercourse with the younger students occurred in her lodgings, whither, for her diversion during a few hours of indisposition, was brought little Peter Carew (a child of old Dean Carew's family), who addressed her Majesty in a Latin speech, that concluded grandly with two Greek verses. Nothing which she heard from the magnates of the schools, in the presence of the Chancellor the Earl of Leicester, the Spanish embassador, Secretary Cecil, and all the great lords and ladies in her train, delighted her more than the classic eloquence of this minute toy-doctor, who spoke out before the courtiers in all the confidence of ingenuous and well-disciplined boyhood. She was so pleased that she declared that the child should not be sent away until Mr. Secretary Cecil had heard him repeat the oration; and when the minister, in answer to the Queen's summons, had entered the royal presence to hear the speech, she put the little fellow in good nerve and heart by saying, "I pray God, my fine boy, thou mayst say it so well as thou didst to me just before." It is agreeable to know that the orator did not break down in the repetition of his performance, and that on being dismissed from the sovereign's presence he ran back to his tutor, elated almost to a frenzy of joy by the gracious words of the Queen and her counselor.

This pretty incident of the royal visit occurred on the afternoon of Sunday (the day after her Majesty's arrival in Oxford); and on the evening of the same holy day Elizabeth was entertained, as she had been two years before on a Sunday's evening at Cambridge, with a Latin play; but, instead of imitating the Cantabrigians, who put a profane drama on a stage erected in a consecrated building, the Oxonians gave their performance in Christchurch Hall, which was appropriately fitted up for the occasion with a magnificently adorned scaffold, and a profusion of "stately lights of wax variously wrought."

On the evening of the following day Elizabeth was present at another dramatic performance in Christchurch Hall, when she witnessed the presentation of the first part of "Palamon and Arcyte," the English play which Mr. Richard Edwards, a gentleman of the royal chapel, had written for the occasion. But the success of the evening's amusement was grievously diminished by the sudden falling of a part of the stage—an accident which killed a scholar and two collegiate servants, and inflicted serious injuries on five other persons. Had the mishap occurred on the previous evening the Sabbatarians would have regarded it as the result of Divine displeasure at the profane misuse of the holy day. But happening on the evening of Monday, the unlucky incident elicited no fanatical animadversions; and though the disaster must have materially lessened the enjoyment of the spectators, the actors continued their performance amid much applause, when the dead and wounded had been removed from the scene of the catastrophe.

The evening of the following Wednesday saw the performance of the second part of Mr. Edwards's play, when, to heighten the effect of a point in the theatrical representations, a highly successful imitation of the clamorous music of hounds running on the trail of a fox was made in the Great Quadrangle of Christchurch, so that it was distinctly audible to the spectators of "Palamon and Arcyte;" whereupon the under-graduates, who were provided with seats in the windows of their Hall, assisted the representation by leaping from their benches and exclaiming, "Now, now! —there, there!—he's caught, he's caught!"—the imaginations of the boys being so worked upon by the feigned music that they believed it to proceed from a veritable fox-hunt. "Oh, excellent!" exclaimed the Queen; "those boys in very truth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds." The part of Lady Emilia in the play—acted, it is believed, by Peter Carew, whose delicate shape and beauty qualified him peculiarly to represent a feminine character—occasioned the house scarcely less satisfaction than the crying of the hounds. When Lady Emilia, after gathering flowers in her garden, sang the song which Mr. Edwards had composed for her, she drew down thunders of applause from the theatre, and won from the Queen the reward of enthusiastic praise and a bounty of eight angels.

What need is there to commemorate all the speeches that were made and all the feasts that were eaten during the six gala-days which Elizabeth spent in the university? All such things are to be found in the chronicles of Wood, who has preserved for us the very words of the Latin oration with which the Queen herself concluded the act in St. Mary's Church, and the valedictory words that she addressed to the Chancellor and subordinate dignitaries of the schools, when they had conducted her to the outskirts of the forest of Shotover, about two miles from Oxford.

More than a quarter of a century had elapsed since her first visit to Oxford when Elizabeth made her second stay of six days in the university—coming over from Woodstock to Christchurch, with a splendid company of nobles, among whom were conspicuous the French embassador, and her faithful counselor, William Cecil—no longer Mr. Secretary Cecil, but the aged Lord High-Treasurer Burleigh, whose descendant, the Marquis of Salisbury, is the supreme chief of the university to which his illustrious ancestor came, in the vigor of middle age and the weariness of declining years, in attendance on the sovereign whom he served with glorious efficiency from the commencement almost to the close of her memorable reign.

In almost every particular the ceremonies of the first were repeated at the second visit. Again the Queen—no longer a woman in the possession of unimpaired health, spirits, and personal beauty, but an over-dressed and battered lady, with wrinkles and paint grotesquely visible on her sunken cheeks, a sense of growing weakness in her limbs, and a weight of gnawing sorrow at her heart—was received by the authorities of the schools and the town with gifts and speeches. Again, as on the occasion of her earlier appearance before Alma Mater, she walked in state from her lodgings to divine service in Christchurch Cathedral, under a canopy upheld by four doctors of divinity, and between two lines of surpliced students, who exclaimed "Vivat Regina" to the sovereign who, at her second coming to Oxford, was on the eve of the last decade of her existence. Again she frowned on Puritanism, administering to Dr. John Reynolds a rebuke scarcely less severe, though something more mannerly, than the angry scolding which Elizabeth's successor gave him at the Hampton Court Conference. Again she displayed her erudition in speeches of Latin and Greek. Again she was the auditor of scholastic disputations in which learned men ingeniously, but unintentionally, demonstrated the difference between learning and wisdom.

But the second visit was a poor and spiritless affair in comparison with the first. The royal lady had made considerable advances in the art of frowning, but she had fallen off so wofully in the art of smiling that her smiles caused nervous men to look at their shoes; and when she strove to win the hearts of little under-graduates by patting their shoulders and kissing their smooth cheeks, the boys were rather scared than pleased, and wished that the old lady would leave them alone and keep her bony fingers to herself. But still she retained the faculty of performing graceful acts. While she was delivering a Latin oration in St. Mary's Church, seeing that her old Lord Treasurer was standing on his gouty feet, "she called in all haste for a stool for him; nor would she proceed in her speech till she saw him provided of one."

The drollest affair at this second entertainment of Elizabeth was a disputation, in which the physicians debated, "Whether that the air, or meat, or drink, did most change a man?" in which wordy contest, says Wood, "a merry doctor of that faculty, named Richard Ratcliff, lately fellow of Merton College, but now principal of St. Alban's Hall, going about to prove the negative, showed forth a big, large body, a great fat belly, a side waist—all, as he said, so changed by meat and drink, desiring to see any there so metamorphosed by the air. But it was concluded (by the moderator) in the affirmative, that the air had the greater power of change." Dr. Ratcliff was the Banting of his period; but, appearing ere the times were ripe for his doctrines, he failed to make converts.

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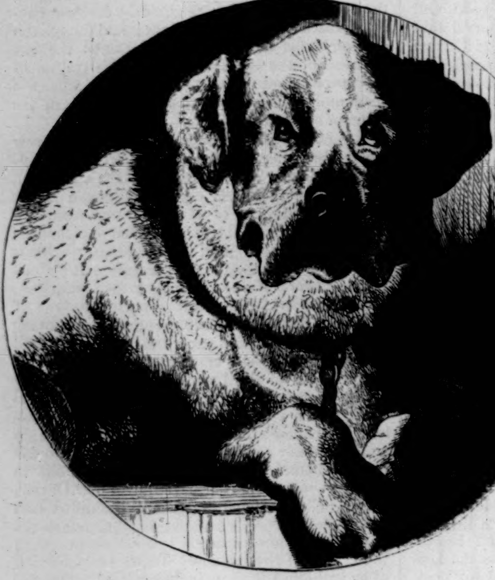
* Mr. Hazlitt tells us of his grandfather: "Leigh Hunt used to say that shaking my grandfather's hand was like shaking the fin of a fish."

† Talfourd relates this anecdote to the honor of Jeffrey: "When Hazlitt was on his death-bed, and 'apprehensive of the future,' he dictated a brief and peremptory letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, requiring a considerable remittance to which he had no claim but that of former remunerated services, which the friend who obeyed his bidding feared might excite displeasure. But he mistook Francis Jeffrey. The sum demanded was received by return of post, with anxious wishes for Hazlitt's recovery, just too late for him to understand his error."



ENGLISH MASTIFF.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A.

Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland. Author of a "History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc., etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BULL-DOG TERRIER, "CAMP."

"The wisest dog I ever had," said Sir Walter Scott, "was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. 'Camp' once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offense; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room with great appearance of distress. Then, if you said the baker was well paid, or the baker was not hurt, after all, 'Camp' came forth from his hiding-place, capered and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor, and, although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, 'Camp' was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side."

SAGACIOUS "CHARLIE."

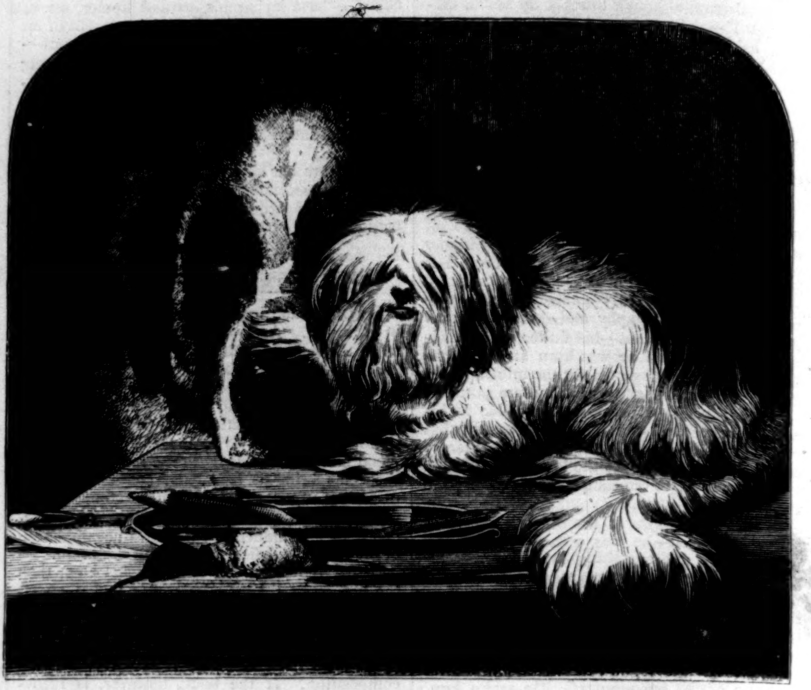
A correspondent, Mr. Wheeler, furnishes me with the following:

"Our postmaster has a strangely sagacious dog. A great deal of business is done at the post-office, and a great many messages dispatched from it to the various villages. The dog, 'Charlie,' sits at the front-door of a morning, and signals, by a short bark, as each individual messenger rounds the corner into the street. The short bark is sufficient to tell the clerk in the office that his attention will be required. So soon as the milkman appears 'Charlie' runs in-doors with a loud, continuous bow-wow, as it is uncertain in what part of the house the person may be who should attend the 'milky-way.' 'Charlie' knows me well, and shows marked fondness for me, but he always barks at my approach on Sunday mornings."

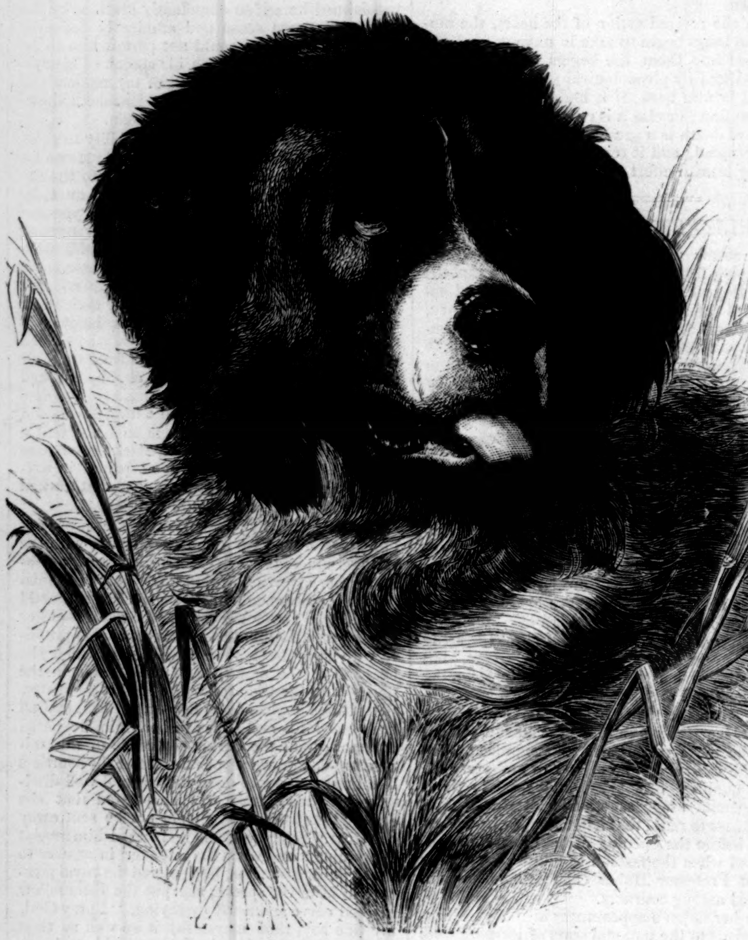
"CARLO," THE GALLANT PROTECTOR.

Youatt, in his "Humanity to Brutes," says:

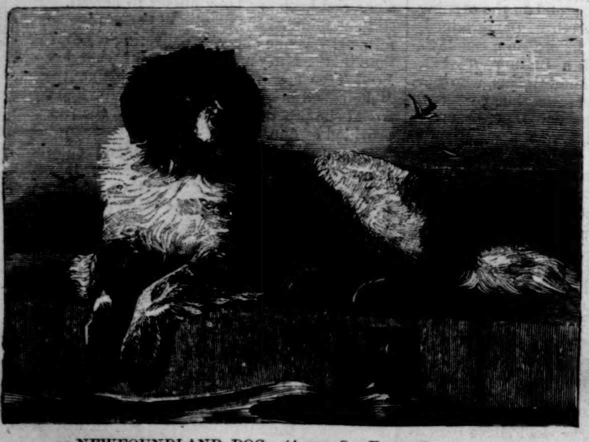
"My own experience furnishes me with a remarkable instance of bravery in the dog. I had, many years ago, a Newfoundland dog, as thoroughly attached to me as these faithful creatures generally are to those who use them well. It became inconvenient for me to keep him, and I gave him to one who I knew would be kind to him. Four years passed, and I had not seen him, although I had often inquired about him; but one day I was walking toward Kingston, and had arrived at the brow of the hill, where Jerry Abershaw's gibbet then stood, when I met 'Carlo' and the master to whom I had consigned him. He recollected me in a moment, and we made much of each other. His master, after a little chat, proceeded toward Wandsworth. 'Carlo,' as in duty bound, followed him. I had not, however, got more than halfway down the hill when he was by my side, lowly but deeply growling, and every hair bristling. I looked to the right, and there were two ill-looking fellows making their way through the bushes, which then occupied the angular space between the Roehampton and Wandsworth roads. Their intention was scarcely questionable; and, indeed, a week or two before I had narrowly escaped from two miscreants like them. I can scarcely tell what I felt, for presently one of the scoundrels emerged from the bushes not twenty yards from me; but he no sooner saw my companion, and heard his growling, the loudness and depth of which were fearfully increasing, than he retreated, and I saw no more of him or of his associate. My gallant defender accompanied me to the direction-post at the bottom of the hill, and there, with a mutual and honest greeting, we parted, and he bounded away to overtake his rightful owner."



SOCIABILITY.—(After Sir Edwin Landseer.)



"CARLO."—(After Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.)



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—(After Sir Edwin Landseer.)

A SPANIEL'S APPARENT CAPRICIOUSNESS.

To Mr. Cornwall Simeon I am indebted for the following:

"Domestic animals not unfrequently contract sudden fancies for, and occasionally as sudden aversions to, particular individuals, in a strange manner; the latter being apparently more difficult to understand than the former. Doubtless something or other has passed through the animal's mind, which, could we know what it was, would fully account for this conduct on their part, while to those unacquainted with the cause they appear to be actuated solely by caprice. The following instance has occurred within my own knowledge: A brother of mine, when in the army, had a very favorite little spaniel, which was devotedly attached to him, and his constant companion. During a visit of a few days, however, which I paid him when quartered at Cork, and on the eve of embarkation for foreign service, the dog took such an extraordinary fancy for me that he decidedly preferred my company to that of my brother, and, indeed, quite deserted him for me. On my leaving to return to England, my brother kindly gave him to me, and he, as a matter of course, followed me on board the steamer, leaving my brother standing on the quay. The steamer sheered off, and proceeded on her course; but no sooner did the dog perceive that he was really to be separated from his old master than all his former affection for him appeared to return in its full force. In every way in which a dog can express contrition he seemed to do so for his error in having forsaken him for me; and I was actually obliged to hold him, in order to prevent him from jumping overboard to rejoin him."

THE HOUSE-DOG AND THE DUCK.

Here is an example of generosity:

"A favorite house-dog, left to the care of its master's servants at Edinburgh while he was himself in the country, would have been starved by them had it not had recource to the kitchen of a friend of its master's, which it occasionally visited. Not content with indulging himself simply in this freak of good fortune, this liberal-minded animal, a few days subsequently, falling in with a poor solitary duck, and possibly deeming it to be in destitute circumstances, caught it up in his teeth, and carried it to the well-stored larder that had so amply supplied his own necessities. He laid the duck at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail—the most expressive of canine features—then scampered off, with much seeming complacency at having given his hostess this substantial proof of his grateful sense of favors received."

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S PUNISHMENT.

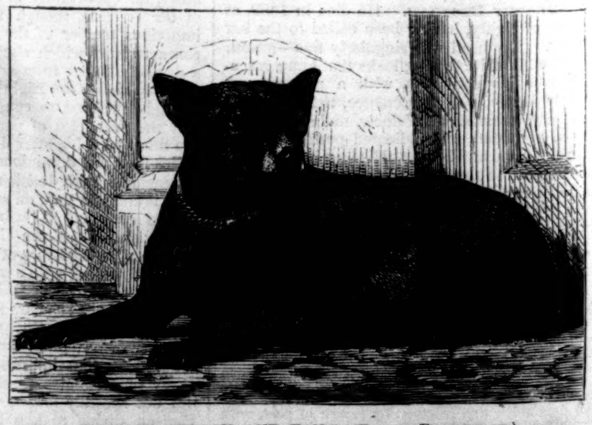
Dr. Abell, says Mr. Youatt, in one of his lectures on phrenology, related a very striking anecdote of a Newfoundland dog in Cork:

"This dog was of a noble and generous disposition, and when he left his master's house was often assailed by several little noisy curs in the street. He usually passed them with apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice; but one little creature was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the back of his leg. This was a degree of wanton insult which could not be patiently endured, and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the poll. In this manner he carried him to the quay, and, holding him for some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not, however, design that the culprit should be capitally punished; he waited a little while, until the offender was not only well ducked, but nearly sinking, and then he plunged in and brought him out safe to land. It would be difficult," says the doctor, "to conceive of any punishment more aptly contrived or more complete in character. A variety of comparisons and motives and generous feelings entered into the composition of this act."

THE TRAVELING DOG.

The following is from the Ayr *Observer*:

"A cattle dealer in Irvine is frequently in the habit, when visiting Ayr market on Tuesdays, of leaving his dog behind him. On these occasions, upon missing his master, the animal has been frequently known to take the next train to Ayr, visit the cattle market, and, not finding the object of his search, return again to Irvine. His conduct has often attracted the notice of the guards on



ENGLISH "BLACK AND TAN."—(From a Photograph.)

the line, and his movements have been watched; but we have not heard by what class he is accustomed to travel, and at what rate he is charged."

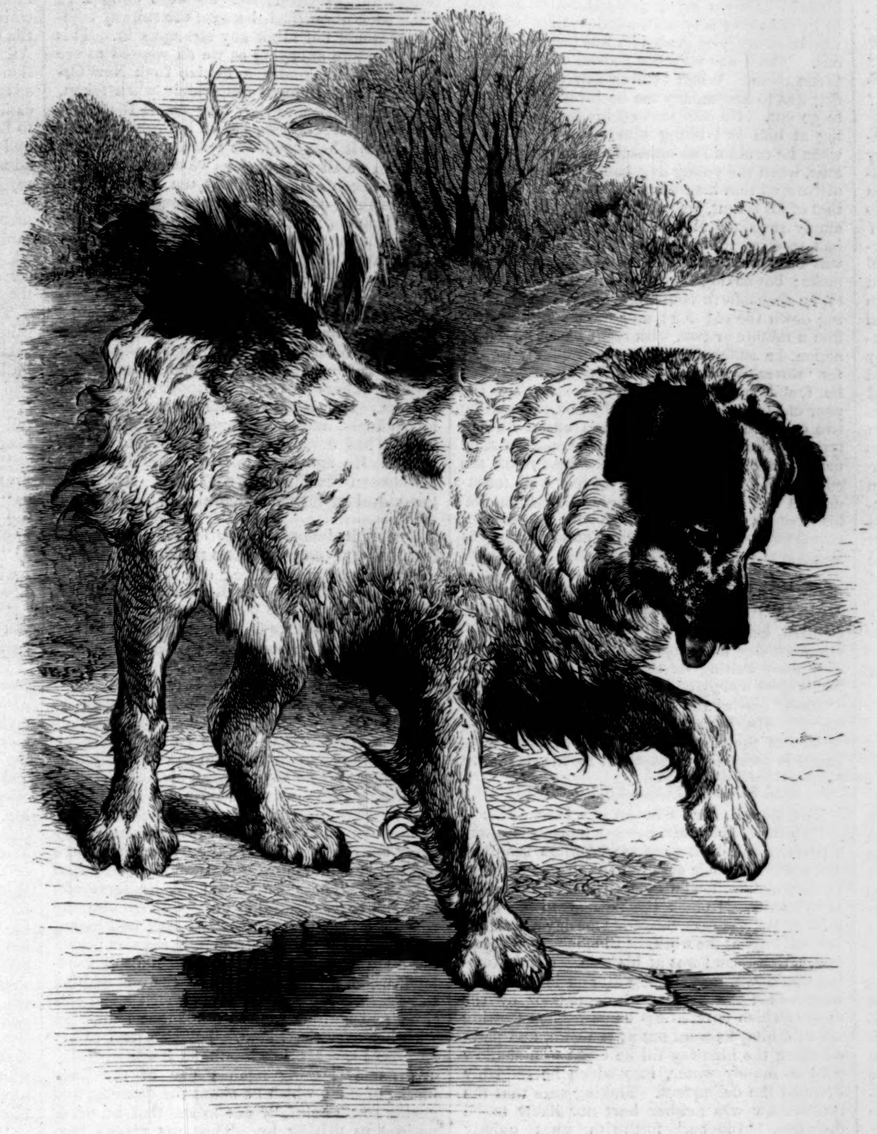
THE NEWFOUNDLAND ICE-BREAKER.

THE anecdote I am now about to give is from the pen of the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, a good and scientific naturalist:

"Walking with a favorite Newfoundland dog of great size, one frosty day, I observed the animal's repeated disappointment on putting his head down, with the intention to drink, at sundry ice-covered pools. After one of these disappointments I broke the ice with my foot for my thirsty companion's behoof. The next time it seemed good to the dog to try and drink, instead of waiting for me to break the ice as before, he set his own huge paw forcibly on the ice, and, with a little effort, obtained water for himself."

THE POODLE AND KITTEN.

"I HAVE a poodle whom I would make tutor to my son, if I had one. I sometimes use him toward my own education. Will not the following trait of his character amuse you? He conceived a strange fondness—an absolute passion—for a young kitten, which he carried about in his mouth for hours when he went out to walk; and whenever he came to a resting-place, he set her down with the greatest care and tenderness, and began to play with her. When he was fed she always took the nicest pieces away from him, without his ever making the slightest opposition. The kitten died, and was buried in the garden. My poor poodle showed the deepest grief, would not touch food, and howled mournfully the whole night long. What was my astonishment when, the next morning, he appeared carrying the kitten in his mouth! He had scratched her out of the ground, and it was only by force that we could take her from him."—"*Tutti Frutti.*"

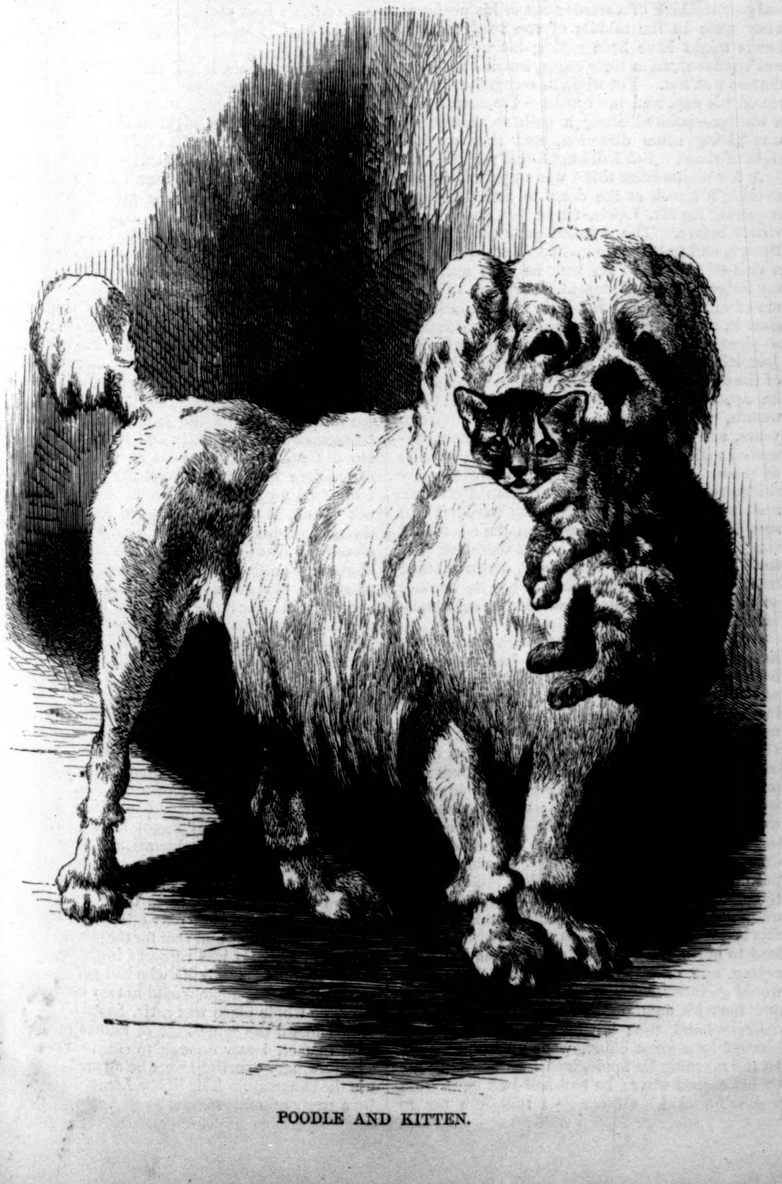


DOG BREAKING THE ICE.

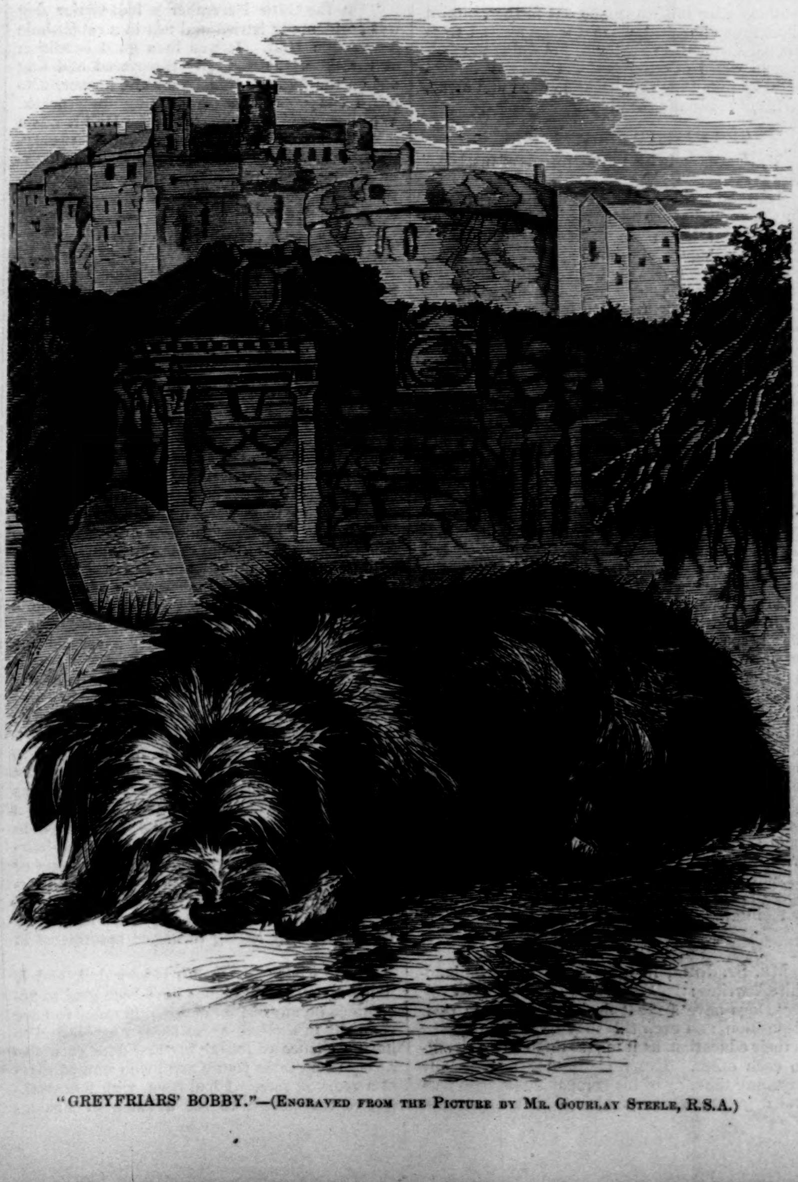
"GREYFRIARS' BOBBY."

"A VERY singular and interesting occurrence was lately brought to light in the Burgh Court, by the hearing of a summons in regard to a dog tax. Eight and a half years ago it seems that a man named Gray, of whom nothing more is known, except that he was poor, and lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town, was buried in Old Greyfriars' Church-yard. His grave, leveled by the hand of time, and unmarked by any stone, is now scarcely discernible; but though no human interest would seem to attach to it, the sacred spot has not been wholly disregarded and forgotten. During all these years the dead man's faithful dog has kept constant watch and guard over the grave, and it was this animal for which the collectors sought to recover the tax. James Brown, the old curator of the burial-ground, remembers Gray's funeral; and the dog, a Scotch terrier, was, he says, one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. The grave was closed in as usual, and next morning 'Bobby,' as the dog is called, was found lying on the newly made mound. This was an innovation which old James could not permit, for there was an order at the gate stating, in the most intelligible characters, that dogs were not admitted. 'Bobby' was accordingly driven out; but next morning he was there again, and for the second time was discharged. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the man saw the faithful animal, in spite of all chastisement, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him, and gave him some food. This recognition of devotion gave 'Bobby' the right to make the church-yard his home; and from that time to the present he has never spent a night away from his master's grave. Often, in bad weather, attempts have been made to keep him within-doors, but by dismal howls he has succeeded in making it known that this interference is not agreeable to him, and latterly he has always been allowed to have his way. At almost any time during the day he may be seen in or about the church-yard; and no matter how rough the night may be, nothing can induce him to forsake the hallowed spot, whose identity, despite the irresistible obliteration it has undergone, he has so faithfully preserved. 'Bobby' has many friends, and the tax gatherers have by no means proved his enemies. A weekly treat of steaks was long allowed by Sergeant Scott, of the Engineers; but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. John Trail, of the restaurant, 6 Greyfriars' Place. He is constant and punctual in his calls, being guided in his mid-day visits by the sound of the time gun. On the ground of 'harboring' the dog in this way, proceedings were taken against Mr. Trail for payment of the tax. The defendant expressed his willingness, could he claim the dog, to be responsible for the tax; but so long as the animal refused to attach himself to any one, it was impossible, he argued, to fix the ownership—and the court, seeing the peculiar circumstances of the case, dismissed the summons. 'Bobby' has long been an object of curiosity to all who have become acquainted with his interesting history. His constant appearance in the grave-yard has caused many inquiries to be made regarding him, and efforts out of number have been made from time to time to get possession of him. The old curator, of course, stands up as the next claimant to Mr. Trail, and the other day offered to pay the tax himself rather than have 'Bobby'—'Greyfriars' Bobby,' to allow him his full name—put out of the way.

"It appears that 'Bobby' is a Sabbath observer—at least to this extent, that he knows that the place of refreshment at which he gets his dinner on week-days is closed on Sunday; and he is sagacious enough to provide for this contingency by saving during the week odd scraps of food, which he hides beneath a tombstone adjoining the grave over which he keeps watch and ward. While sitting for this portrait in Mr. Steele's studio, 'Bobby,' on hearing the report of the time gun—his usual call to



POODLE AND KITTEN.



"GREYFRIARS' BOBBY."—(ENGRAVED FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. GOURLAY STEELE, R.S.A.)

dinner—got quite excited, and refused to be pacified until supplied with his mid-day meal."—*Scotsman, April* 18, 1867.

"JUNO" OVERCOMES THE KITTEN'S DISLIKE.

THE following fact will show that instances of gratitude are not wanting in dogs:

"The very expression of poor 'Juno's' countenance," says Professor Bell, in his "History of British Quadrupeds," "was full of sensibility and affection. She appeared to be always on the watch to evince her love and gratitude to those who were kind to her, and the instinct of attachment was in her so powerful that it showed itself in her conduct to other animals as well as to her human friends. A kitten, which had been lately taken from its mother, was sent to us, and on 'Juno's' approach showed the usual horror of the cat toward dogs. But 'Juno' seemed determined to conquer the antipathy; and, by the most winning and persevering kindness and forbearance, advancing or receding as she found the waywardness of her new friend's temper required, she completely attached the kitten to her; and I have often seen them lying together before the fire, the kitten sucking her kind foster-mother, who was licking and caressing her as her own offspring. She would also play with great gentleness with some tame rabbits of mine, and would entice them to familiarity by the kindness of her manner; and so fond was she of caressing the young of her own species, that when a spaniel of my father's had puppies, of which all excepting one were destroyed, 'Juno' would take every opportunity to steal the remaining one from its mother's nest, and carry it to her own, where she would lick and fondle it with the greatest kindness."

THE WONDERFUL TRAVELER.

THE remarkable anecdote that follows, of a dog finding its way home from a very long distance, is written by F. M. Burton, Esq.:

"A gentleman, who is very fond of farming, and a large breeder of sheep, was much struck with the sagacity of the Highland collies, and on leaving the country he took home a very fine one for the purpose of introducing some of the right sort of blood into our own mongrel breed of sheep dogs. The dog was carried by his new master from Inverness by coach to Glasgow shut up in a sort of cage so constructed that he could not possibly see any thing but the sky, the cage being open at the top only. After passing a night at Glasgow he was conveyed next morning, in the same cage, down the Clyde, and with his master proceeded by steamer to Liverpool, landed there, and in due course of time was taken on, still shut up in the cage, to his destination in this country. Here, of course, he was much admired, and did his work well, until about three weeks after his arrival, when he was suddenly missed. Every means were taken, by advertising and offering rewards, to recover him, but without success, until, after the lapse of a little time, it was heard that a dog answering the description of the advertisement had been seen wandering about the docks at Liverpool for several days, but no one knew what had become of him. Nothing after this was made out further, until a short time afterward, when a letter arrived from the old shepherd in Scotland, informing the gentleman who had purchased the dog that he had actually found his way back, unaided and alone, to his old master's shealing."

THE MASTIFF FIRE-DISCOVERER.

MR. CROUCH, in his "Illustrations of Instinct," writes:

"In the spring of the year 1845 a mastiff dog in Cornwall, having discovered that the roof of his master's house was in flames, ran in-doors, howling dismally, and, pulling at the garments of the inmates, urged their retreat from the building; and hurrying out of the house, howled again, and directed their attention by his looks to the flaming roof."

"LADDIE," THE MEDICAL ASSISTANT.

"IN the course of last summer it chanced that the sheep on the farm of a friend of ours on the water of Stinchar were, like those of his neighbors, partially affected with a common disease in the skin, to cure which distemper it is necessary to cut off the wool over the part affected and apply a small quantity of balsam. For this purpose the shepherd set off to the hill one morning, accompanied by his faithful canine assistant, 'Laddie.' Arrived among the flock, the shepherd pointed out a diseased animal, and making the accustomed signal for the dog to capture it, 'poor Mailie' was speedily sprawling on her back, and gently held down by the dog till the arrival of her keeper, who proceeded to clip off a portion of her wool, and apply the healing balsam. During the operation 'Laddie' continued to gaze on the operator with close attention, and the sheep having been released, he was directed to capture in succession two or three more of the flock, which underwent similar treatment. The sagacious animal had now become initiated into the mysteries of his master's vocation, for off he set unbidden through the flock, and picked out with unerring precision those sheep which were affected, and held them down until the arrival of his master, who was thus, by the extraordinary instinct of 'Laddie,' saved a world of trouble, while the operation of clipping and smearing was also greatly facilitated."—*Greenock Newspaper.*

JEALOUS "ROVER."

MR. ST. JOHN, in his "Tour in Sutherlandshire," writes:

"Dogs have a great deal of jealousy in their disposition, and even this may be made to assist in their education, as it makes them strive to outdo each other. Every clever dog is especially unwilling that any of his companions should possess a greater share of his master's favor than himself. One of my dogs could not be induced to hunt in company with another, of whose advances in my good graces he was peculiarly jealous. There was no other ground of quarrel between them. When 'Rover' saw that a young dog was to accompany me he invariably refused to go out. He also showed his jealousy by flying at him and biting him on every occasion when he could do so unobserved. At last, however, when the young dog had grown older, and discovered that his own strength was superior to that of his tyrant, he flew upon poor 'Rover,' and amply revenged all the ill treatment which he had received at his hands. From that day he was constantly on the look-out to renew his attacks; but having soon established his superiority, he thenceforth contented himself with striking down the old dog; and, after standing over him a minute or two, with teeth bared ready for action, he suffered him to sneak quietly away; for 'Rover' was too old a soldier to resist when he found himself overmatched. At last the poor old fellow got so bullied by this dog, and by two or three others, whom I am afraid he had tyrannized over when they were puppies, that he never left the front-door steps, or went round the corner of the house, before he had well reconnoitred the ground, and was sure that none of his enemies were near him. In his battles with strange dogs he was one of the most courageous animals I ever had."

"DASH," THE BUTCHER'S DOG.

MR. WILCOX, of Liverpool Road, Islington, London, has a clever little dog named "Dash." On week-day mornings he may be seen at the shop door waiting for the newsboy, from whom he receives a copy of the newspaper. Instantly "Dash" carries the paper to his master in the parlor. He, however, declines to give up possession of the paper until a piece of bread-and-butter is presented in payment for his services.

THE FLOWER-PLUCKER PUNISHED.

THE Rev. R. Dick Duncan in a letter says:

"In the front of Mr. S——'s house there was a parterre in which were reared some beautiful flowers. The little children from some cottages in the neighborhood were accustomed to steal in at the gate and pluck the flowers, to the great grief of Mr. and Mrs. S——. One day a little fellow was busy at the work. 'Blucher' espied him, and with a bound was at his side. Gently tossing him down, and turning him on his face, the hero seized the astonished depredator by the clothes which covered his back. Then trotting off with him, he went out at the gate, and passed along the highway till he came to a shallow pool of muddy water, into which he suddenly dropped the delinquent. Making sure that the little fellow was neither hurt nor likely to be drowned, 'Blucher' forthwith went quietly home. The tidings spread among the children, and after that memorable day not a flower was ever touched."

A BULL-TERRIER'S TENACITY OF LIFE.

THE following remarkable fact is copied from the Warrington *Guardian:*

"On the 27th December a bull-terrier dog was accidentally buried and lost in a rabbit-hole near Aston Hall. It was in a good condition at the time. It was only discovered and dug out on the 18th of January by the keeper, who heard the poor creature howling underneath. When restored to its master at the Hall it was a mere skeleton, having been entombed twenty-three days without meat or drink. The dog is now quite recovered, and again in good condition."

MY LODGER'S WIFE.

THE alarm from Fenian outbreaks is too recent to require any description here, even if I were capable of writing one; but as a plain widow woman—which I am—I have no pretension to write history. I only know that down at Weymouth, as well as every where else, we were always being startled by some fresh report of what the Fenians had done, or were going to do—generally the latter. This was common to all places; but we had special interest in them at Weymouth, because most of the men, when convicted, were sent to Portland, and we sometimes caught a sight of them on the platform of our station when they were changed to the little branch line. I suppose almost every body who reads these words knows that Portland Island is only two or three miles from our town, and that there are nearly two thousand convicts there. They have built the breakwater, and made a regular castle on the island; and so have done a great deal of work there, if they never did any before they came.

Now and then one escapes; but he is nearly always retaken directly, or gets drowned in trying to swim off to some boat. My husband, who was a master-fisherman, saw one drowned. Although he was a convict, my husband tried to save him; but he went down like a stone, not twenty yards from his skiff. My husband was very much upset by it; for, instead of being a forbidding-looking ruffian, like Bill Sikes, in "Oliver Twist," he was a mild-looking, fair-haired young fellow, who didn't seem above one or two and twenty. However, my poor husband was drowned himself not very long after this, and I have lived ever since on a very little income he left me, and by letting furnished apartments in the season.

In the winter Weymouth is very dull, and I, living alone, would almost have been glad to accommodate any one for nothing, in order to have company in the house; so I was very pleased to have a chance of letting my first-floor rooms to a very respectable young man, who wanted them at a reduced rate. I had been, with many others, to the station to see a batch of Fenians change for Portland; but we were obliged to come back unsatisfied, because the railway companies would not allow any strangers in. This was the more annoying as we all wanted to see a Colonel La Troulle, a Fenian from New Orleans, who had fought desperately when taken, and he had been terribly hurt about the head, and rendered senseless, before he would surrender. As it happened, we were not able to see him; so we all went back as we came.

I had been at home about ten minutes, and was warming my cocoa for my supper, when I heard a knock at the street door, and on opening it I saw a very good-looking young fellow—very slight, very dark, with a black mustache, and altogether a foreign air. He spoke English, however, and said he had been advised to apply to me for cheap apartments; that he was not very rich. He had come to Weymouth believing he should have an appointment in one of the hotels—he looked as if he would have made a capital waiter—but was disappointed for the present. He wished to remain in the town to be in readiness, and so had applied to me. I was glad he had done so, and offered him my rooms cheap. He agreed to take them, and sent for his boxes from the station at once. He had a great deal of luggage; more than most young men possess.

I never had a quieter, gentler lodger in my life than he was; no trouble, no noise, never out of an evening by any chance; and his manner was always so soft and quiet that, as I used to tell him, it was more like having a girl in the house than a man. He would laugh at this, and say the same thing had often been remarked before. At first he seemed to make no inquiries after any situation, or to visit his friends at all; but after he had been with me about a fortnight he went out nearly every day, and all day long. I was glad to see that he did so, for really he mewed himself up in his room so constantly that I began to fear he would injure his health.

What puzzled me not a little was the finding that he spent a great part of his time on the island—not that Portland is really an island, only every body calls it so. In the winter time there can not be a more dreary place in the world than Portland. The storms seem to rage there oftener and fiercer than they do any where else, the roads are bad, the houses are small and mean, and except for the wild, romantic sea view which lies all around you, and the awful Race of Portland, which no vessel can cross, there is nothing to be seen. My niece paid me a visit about this time, and nothing would do but that I must go with her over the island. I did so, and to my surprise I saw Mr. Lewis—for such was my lodger's name—leaning against one of the huge blocks of stone which lie about the quarries, and gazing so thoughtfully out to sea that he never noticed us driving by. Then my niece's husband came to fetch her home; and as he had never been to Weymouth before, he, too, must see the island, and I must go with him and his wife. So a second time I went, and a second time, to my great surprise, I saw Mr. Lewis. To-day he was talking to a tall man in plain clothes, who had just the look of a warder out of his uniform. They were in the middle of the road, so Mr. Lewis might have been asking his way; but I was confident, from their eager, hurried manner, that he was not. Yet when he recognized me he raised his cap, and the warder—I'm sure it was a warder—pointed along a path as though he was giving some direction, and then we lost sight of them. But I did not forget the incident.

A few nights after this I was surprised, on answering a knock at the door, to find some one inquiring for Mr. Lewis, for he had never had a visitor before. The stranger gave the name of Brown, and was at once invited up stairs. After a visit of about half an hour he left; and then my lodger, who had seemed, I fancied, to avoid me of late, came into my little kitchen, and began, in the chatty manner which had made him so pleasant, to talk about the gentleman who had just left. He said he was connected with one of the chief hotels, and had called to speak about an appointment. Now I had lived in Weymouth, maid, wife, and widow, for thirty-two years, and knew by sight every gentleman connected with every hotel there, and this was none of them. And if my judgment was worth any thing, this man was a warder from Portland, and, what was more, was the very warder I had seen Mr. Lewis speaking with on the island. I was quite sure of this, and knew, therefore, that for some purpose my lodger was deceiving me; but I reflected that every family has its secrets, so supposed he had his reasons for trying to mislead me.

Just now a complete change took place in my lodger's habits, for whereas he had previously been the most retiring of creatures, keeping himself so totally within-doors that scarcely a soul in the street knew him, he now seemed to be never tired of hanging about the front-door. He cleaned my windows twice as often as I had ever cleaned them; he painted my shutters; he painted my flower-boxes, and was frequently trimming the flowers in them; while he actually went two or three times to the *White Lion*, the public-house at the corner of our street, and drank his ale at the bar, instead of allowing the pot-man to bring it for him, as had hitherto been the case. I took the liberty of saying—for I was quite old enough to be his mother—that I hoped this last would not grow into a habit which might lead to harm, when, to my surprise, he burst out crying, and cried so bitterly that I thought he would go into hysterics. I tried to soothe him, and took his hand in mine—he had a soft and delicate hand, too; but he rose, and mastering himself by a great effort, went up to his room. In the morning he apologized for disturbing me by his absurd ways: he had had bad news from home, he said. Of course I told him not to think any more of such a trifle; but in my own mind I wondered where he got the letters from which had so upset him, as I was quite certain the postman had not been near my house all day. All this time I had heard no more of the situation he expected; but, soon after, the same stranger called again—Mr. Brown, I mean. He called very late one night, and went straight up to Lewis's room, came down in a very short time, and left without a word, as before. As I had admitted him, I had a fair chance of confirming my opinion: he was a warder, I was sure. He was a tall, big-bearded, big-whiskered, and mustached man, who stood very square when he spoke to you, as a soldier does; weather-browned, as all the Portland warders are; and with a certain quick, watchful look of the eye, which they all acquire very soon.

The next morning brought a heavy fall of rain, with gusts of wind from the sea; and on taking up Mr. Lewis's breakfast, I noticed that he looked excited, if not wild, and I feared he had taken cold. I told him so, but he said, "No. The fact is, Mrs. Gerran, I must now tell you a little secret: I am married, and I expect my wife from town to-day."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, for I had never dreamed of such a thing.

"Yes," he went on, "she is coming this evening, and I am a little worried to think what an unpleasant ride she will have."

"She certainly will, poor thing," I said; "but I will do my best to make her comfortable, Mr. Lewis."

"I know you will," he replied. "I thank you heartily, Mrs. Gerran. We rely on you very much."

I left him his breakfast, and went down stairs, considerably astonished by what I had heard. The weather grew worse during the day, and by night it was little short of a tempest. I often thought of the poor young woman who was coming all the way from London on such a night; and what made it worse was that I could not offer to go and meet her, for, strange to say, Mr. Lewis did not know by what train she would come, or whether she would travel by the Great Western or the Southwestern line. It blew harder and harder; the furious blasts of wind swept through our little street, and drove the rain before it, so as almost to blind you, if you tried to face it. There was not a gas-light which was not blown out, and I need not say the sky was pitch-dark. On such nights I always sit and think of my poor husband, and of the many others who earn their living on the dreadful sea; and I can hear nothing, attend to nothing, but the howling of the storm. So it was no wonder that the pot-man knocked two or three times when he brought Mr. Lewis's beer before I heard him; and when I opened the door, it was almost blown out of my hand by the force of the wind.

"It is a very terrible night, Robert," I said, for he was a very civil young man, and had been at the *White Lion* for years.

"It is indeed, ma'am," he said. "There's a sea on to-night that's a-flying over the Chesil Bank like yeast. They've been firing artillery on the island; but, except now and then in a lull, you couldn't hear the guns."

"Firing!" I said; "firing! What is that for, Robert?"

"More convicts is off, ma'am," was his answer; "and I hear there is some fellow of consequence among 'em. Poor chap! He's sure to be caught such a night as this, if he hasn't tumbled over the face of a cliff already."

I bade him good-night, and closed the door, still sadder in my mind than I had previously been. It always made me sorrowful when I heard of the poor convicts trying to escape. Whatever their faults may have been, liberty is sweet to all of us, and very few of them ever succeeded in getting away—hardly any, although many a one had lost his life in trying. I took the beer up to Mr. Lewis's room, and tapping at his door, said, as I generally did, "Here is your beer, Mr. Lewis;" and, as usual, the door was opened, and he took it from me. Instead of having his lamp burning, as was his custom, his room was in complete darkness, so that I could hardly see him to give him the jug, and in the gloom he seemed to look stouter and taller than usual. He did not speak, whereas he generally had a little joke; but now he took the jug in silence. I lingered for a moment, but finding that he did not speak, I was going down stairs, when I thought of his wife. Mr. Lewis had almost closed the door, when I said how anxious I felt about her getting safely in through the storm, when, to my amazement, he replied, without opening the door more than a few inches, "I am much obliged for your kindness, Mrs. Gerran, but my wife has been in for this hour past." I never was so astonished in my life. I had made two or three little preparations to comfort her, and felt hurt that I should not have been informed of her arrival. "Yes," he continued, "she came when the wind was roaring so loudly that you did not hear her knock. I let her in; and as she was tired and wet I thought the best thing she could do was to lie down at once." Well, perhaps it was; but I could not help fancying that, for all that, they might have treated me with a little more consideration. However, I could say nothing; and so I went to bed, and, as soon as the storm would allow, to sleep.

The first thing I heard in the morning, from my milkman, was that only one of the convicts had tried to escape, and that for the present he was still at large. It was rumored in the town that it was Colonel La Troulle who had got away, but the government people would not say much about it. The whole place was astir, he said. All day long I heard the same kind of tidings repeated; and, in fact, I saw enough to convince me that extraordinary exertions were being made to capture the runaway. The *White Lion* was searched by a party of officers, and so was a house in the same street as my own, where a number of young-men lodgers were taken. I heard, too, that the railways were watched, not only at our station, but that the trains were examined at places twenty or thirty miles out, in case the convict should have got in at some little station. It was supposed, however, that, although these precautions were taken, he was still in the island, as, from his wearing the prison dress, it would be so difficult for him to escape notice.

I did not see Mr. Lewis all day, nor his wife; but just at twilight I was startled by the latter coming quietly into my little kitchen, and asking me for the milk. She was a pretty-looking young woman, wearing her hair in short curls. It was fair hair, and she was fair too, quiet and shy in her manner, speaking in a voice so low that I could scarcely hear her. She explained that her husband had, unfortunately, taken a severe cold, and would be obliged to keep his bed for a day or so. Of course I offered any assistance in my power. She thanked me, and went up stairs. When she had gone I could do nothing for the life of me, for many minutes, but sit and think of her. There was an unaccountable feeling, quite a certainty, it seemed, of having known her before, although when or where I could not say. So strong and strange was this impression that it was almost terrible to me, and, as I said, I could think of nothing else for a long time. However, I shook the feeling off at last, and went about my work, seeing no more of my lodger or his wife that night.

Robert at the *White Lion* told me, when he brought the supper beer, that, although it was hushed up as much as possible, yet it certainly was the Fenian who had escaped, and that it was one of the most desperate and ingenious escapes ever heard of. "Not, ma'am," he said, "as I believe in any of your ingenious escapes. I don't believe in a man doing with a rusty nail, or two prongs of a dinner-fork, or some such thing, in four or five hours, what it would take a couple of smiths all day to do with a basket of tools. It's the warders, ma'am, and they make these excuses; that's what it is, ma'am." This was the opinion of Robert at the *White Lion*, and I must own that I had, on similar occasions, heard many people in Weymouth express themselves to the same effect.

Once or twice the next day I saw Mrs. Lewis, and each time the impression that I had previously met her grew stronger. I fancied, however, that my looking straight at her, to try and remember when it could have been, disturbed her; so I avoided doing so as much as possible, but for the life of me I could not help doing it sometimes. On the following morning I had to go out for an hour or two, and when I came back I found my windows cleaned, the mould in the flower-boxes turned over, and various little things done, which told me that Lewis had been at work again, as, indeed, I found was the case. He had, unfortunately, been taken very unwell just before I came home, but previously he had been busy as usual in the front of the house.

As all attempts to recapture the convict had failed, and so there was no longer, I suppose, a hope of keeping it quiet, that night great bills were stuck up about the town, offering five hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the Fenian colonel—for it was he, after all—and one of these bills was stuck up on an empty house just opposite to my own door. I naturally got talking about this with Mrs. Lewis; at least I talked, and she listened, for she said hardly a word. And at last, when I struck a light to find something she wanted, I found she was crying. I told her I was afraid she was weak and low, that her long journey and her husband's illness had upset her, and asked her to let me make her some port-wine negus the last thing that night. She thanked me, but declined; and when she went away the remembrance of her face, with the tears on her cheeks, seemed ten times more familiar to me than ever. I determined to ask Mr. Lewis, when I saw him, if his wife had ever lived in Weymouth, but it seemed as though I never should see him again. However, I did see him that evening.

I had been up stairs for some time, and as I was looking over the contents of an old drawer I was very quiet, and my lodgers thought I was out; but presently I came down, and met Lewis ascending, carrying a light. I was in the dark.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lewis," I said; "I hope you are better."

He looked up, and said, "Yes; much better, thank you." He passed on, and left me almost petrified. *It was not the same man.* There was the same dark skin, mustache, hair, and whiskers; the same clothes; but this man, although short, was taller than my lodger, decidedly stouter, and had altogether a harder, sterner expression. There was no possible mistake. His voice, too, was wholly different; and I staggered, rather than walked, into my kitchen, feeling as though I had seen a ghost. I had not strength to procure a light; but in a few minutes Mrs. Lewis—sent down, as I found, by her husband—came in with one. Seeing me sitting, so pale and scared, in my chair, she said, "Are you ill, Mrs. Gerran? My husband fears you are." As if a flash of lightning had suddenly penetrated all the dark places of my mind, I saw, as she spoke, the meaning of all that had been mysterious, and by her face I saw she knew her secret was revealed. She was my lodger; she was the Mr. Lewis I had known. Altered and changed in every respect as she was, I knew her now. She locked her hands together, and twisted her fingers with a nervous, frightened air, and looked anxiously at me.

"Who—who are you?" I asked. "Why are you dressed like this? Who is the man—"

"Oh, Mrs. Gerran," she cried, throwing herself down at my knees, before I could move to stay her, "forgive my deceiving you, and still be my friend—be my husband's friend. If you are not kind and true to us, we are lost. We have no home but this—no friend but you. It will soon, I trust, be different; but at this moment my poor husband is a fugitive, an outlaw, a convict, and a price is set upon his head."

"A price upon his head!" I echoed. "Is he, then—"

"Yes," she said, interrupting me, although she was sobbing as if her heart would break—"yes, my husband is Colonel La Troulle, the Fenian. We are Americans, and we are only waiting for the pursuit to cool, when we shall cross to France, and can then easily regain our home—never more, I trust, to leave it."

"Rise up, my poor dear girl," I said, lifting her on to a chair; "and believe me that no money would tempt me to betray your husband; for your sake, at any rate, I will be true to you both. I hope for your sake, too, that he will leave his dreadful and desperate schemes."

"Oh, Mrs. Gerran," she answered, "do not think him a blood-thirsty man; there never breathed a gentler or kinder being. He was sadly deceived in the business which brought him here; but pray come and see him, that he may know he is safe under your roof."

I went with her; and found this desperate Fenian quite a mild, gentlemanly person. He was full of gratitude to me; and although his close-cut hair, now he sat without his wig, and his dark face, made him look stern enough, yet his eyes swam with genuine tears over and over again, when he spoke of his wife and her devotion to him.

Of course every one can now see how it was managed. When he was sent to Portland, his wife came down, dressed as a man, and, while lodging with me, took care to familiarize the neighbors with the fact that I had a young-man lodger. One of the warders had already been gained over—so Robert at the *White Lion* was not so far wrong in his guess—and he it was with whom I had seen the supposed Mr. Lewis talking, and who came to my house twice. On his second visit he came to say that all was arranged, and that her husband would get away soon after dark the next night. It was, fortunately for the scheme, a very stormy one; so La Troulle got past the station, and followed the Chesil Bank until he thought it safe to strike the line, and then got over the railway bridge without being recognized. He had a large railway rug over his shoulders, which hid his convict dress; and the only really dangerous part of his journey was through the streets to reach my house; but the dreadful storm cleared away all passengers, and he entered our street without having met half a dozen people. His wife was watching from her window, and seeing him, slipped down and opened the street door without my knowing any thing about it. Then they removed the stains from her face, hands, and neck with washes which she had brought with her, and he wore a wig, made to resemble her short curls. Poor young thing! she showed me such beautiful locks which she had cut off, to enable her to look more like a man: they must have been nearly a yard long, I am sure. They thought no place was so safe as Weymouth, and they were right, for the officers were hunting all over London and Ireland and Liverpool, and goodness knows where besides. La Troulle showed himself a little, but not too much, and no one ever suspected the change in my lodgers. In about a fortnight he got quietly on board a fruit sloop which was going back to France; and both he and his wife wrote to me when they got there, and also when they arrived at New Orleans. I don't know who the warder was, nor what he received for his services; but I heard, shortly after, from Robert at the *White Lion*, that one of them had left Portland to go and take a very handsome public-house in London; so I had my suspicions. I know that if I wanted money, which I am happy to say, thanks to my poor dear husband, I do not, I should only have to tell Mrs. La Troulle, or go to the great house in Liverpool, of which they gave me the card, and I could have all I wanted.

She would make me accept her gold watch and chain; and I have worn it, and shall continue to do so, in memory of her.

UNCOMMON FOOD.

THERE can be no doubt that horseflesh has been eaten by different nations from remote periods. This practice among the Germans excited the indignation of Pope Gregory the Third in the first half of the eighth century. "You say," he writes to Boniface, "that some eat wild horses, and very many tame ones. By no means allow this to be done in future, but, as far as you can, restrain the people, and bring them to a becoming repentance, for it is an unclean and execrable thing." The successor of this pontiff, Zachary, issued similar protests. At the siege of Antioch in the first crusade, toward the close of the eleventh century, the horses of the besiegers were either starved or killed for food in such great numbers that, of the seventy thousand with which the siege was commenced, before the third month not more than two thousand remained.

A superior distinction in taste seems to be accorded to the flesh of the donkey, great numbers of which animal have been and are still slaughtered for food by the French. A letter from M. Darcel, at Paris, dated November 3, 1870, addressed to the *Journal du Havre*, after expatiating on the delicious flavor of the meat, declares it is to the horse that which veal is to the ox.

Monkeys' flesh is by no means to be despised, though this may seem to some persons a near approach to cannibalism. Mr. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazon," describes the meat of the spider monkey as the best flavored he had ever tasted. It resembled beef, but had a richer and sweeter taste.

The predilection for dog-eating is by no means confined to the Chinese, the Esquimaux, among others, vastly enjoying this food when the animals are young. A Danish captain, who had acquired the dog taste, provided some of this food for a select party of guests, most of whom highly praised his *mutton*. After dinner he sent for the skin of the animal, which was no other than a large red dog. Captain Sir J. M'Clintock, who relates this story, adds that baked puppy is a real delicacy all over Polynesia. "At the Sandwich Islands I was once invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as I could when told that puppies were so extremely scarce that one could not be procured in time, and a sucking-pig had to be substituted." The same writer bears unqualified testimony to the excellency of seal steaks when cut thin and deprived of all fat.

The Malabar coolies are very fond of the "coffee rats," which they fry in oil or convert into curry. The pig rat is in similar favor. It attains a weight of two or three pounds, and grows to nearly the length of two feet. Rat-pies are eaten in various parts of England; rat suppers used to be given periodically at an inn near Nottingham. The porcupine is esteemed a delicacy in Ceylon, and in flavor much resembles a young pig. In Siam the flesh of the crocodile is exposed for sale in the markets. Alligators are sometimes eaten by the natives of South America, Africa, and South Australia. The taste of musk is, however, so strong that few strangers can eat them without being sick afterward.

In Peter Martyn's account of the voyages of Columbus, he mentions the disgust experienced by the Spaniards when at San Domingo, on being invited by the Indians to taste their favorite delicacy, the guana, considering it a species of serpent. This dislike was, however, soon overcome. "These serpentes are lyke unto crocodiles, save in bygness. They call them guanas. Unto that daye none of owre men durst adventure to taste of them by reason of theyre horrible deformitie and lothsomness. Yet the Adelantado being entysed by the pleasantnes of the king's sister Anacaona, determined to taste the serpentes. But when he felt the flesh thereof to be so delycate to his tongue, he fel to amain without al feare. The which thyng his companions seeing, were not behynd hym in greedynesse, insomuche that they had now none other talke than of the sweetnesse of these serpentes, which they affirme to be of more pleasant taste than eyther our phesantes or partriches."

Even dragons have yielded their share to the general provisioning of the human race, if we may credit Roger Bacon, who, in his "Opus Majus" (art of prolonging life), mentions as one of the ingredients of a preparation the flesh of a dragon, which it appears was used as food by the Ethiopians. The mode of preparing this food can not fail to amuse the reader: "Where there are good flying dragons, by the art which they possess, they draw them out of their dens, and have bridles and saddles in readiness, and they ride upon them, and make them bound about in the air in a violent manner, that the hardness and toughness of the flesh may be reduced, as boars are hunted and bulls are baited before they are killed for eating."

The partiality for raw food seems to prevail in many countries. Raw fish, thinly sliced, formed one of the delicacies placed before Lord Elgin at a Chinese banquet. Baldwin tells us that the Caffres eat alternately a lump of roasted bull's flesh, and an equal quantity of the inside raw. A species of salmon, unknown in Europe, called in Siberia the *nelma*, is esteemed by the Russians more delicious in its raw state than when cooked, and is eaten to provoke an appetite. "Later experience," remarks Ernan, in his "Travels in Siberia," "taught us how much the influence of the cold tends to favor the adoption of raw animal food, so much so that it hardly requires the addition of salt; in fact, during the intense frost the raw flesh loses its repulsive qualities."

Wrangell adds his testimony to the superior flavor of raw frozen fish, seasoned with salt and pepper. Captain Hall, in his "Life with the Esquimaux," says: "My opinion is that the Esquimaux practice of eating their food raw is a good one; at least for the better preservation of their health. To one educated otherwise, as we whites are, the Esquimaux practice of eating uncooked meats is highly repulsive, but eating meats raw or cooked is quite a matter of education. 'As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,' is an old saw as applicable to the common mind of the people in regard to the food they eat as to any thing else. When I saw the natives actually feasting on the raw flesh of the whale, I thought to myself, Why can not I do the same? and the response to my question came rushing through my brain, independent of prejudice—because of my *education*, because of the customs of my people from time immemorial. As I stood upon the rocky shore observing the busy natives at work carving the monster before me, my eye caught a group around one of the vertebræ, from which they were slicing and eating thin pieces of ligament that looked white and delicious as the breast of a 'Thanksgiving turkey.' At once I made up my mind to join in partaking of the inviting viands actually smoking in my sight. Taking from the hands of Ugarng his seal-knife, I peeled off a delicate slice of the spinal ligament, closed my eyes, and cried out 'turkey,' but it would not go down so easy; not because the stomach had posted up its sentinel to say 'No whale can come down here,' but because it was tougher than any bull-beef in Christendom. For half an hour I tried to masticate it, and then found it was even tougher than when I began. At length I discovered that I had made a mistake in the way of eating it. The Esquimaux method is to get as vast a piece into their distended mouths as they can cram, and then, boa-constrictor-like, first lubricate it over, and so swallow it quite whole! An old woman kindly came to me and offered a generous slice of the *whale gum* she was feasting on. Reaching out my hand, with one stroke of her *ood-loo*, an instrument like a mincing-knife, she severed the white fibrous strip as quick as thought. It cut as old cheese; its taste was like unripe chestnuts, and its appearance like cocoa-nut; but I can not say that this experiment left me a very great admirer of whale's gum."

The natives of the Sandwich Islands eat turtles, dolphins, flying-fishes, etc., raw, considering that the flavor is lost in cooking, and the richest possible treat they can enjoy is to haul a fish from the water and literally eat it to death.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart mentions: "At Siho Siho the queen, Pauhai, was seated *à la Turc* on the ground, with a large wooden tray in her lap. On this a monstrous cuttle-fish had been placed, fresh from the sea, and in all its life and vigor. The queen had taken it up in both hands, and brought its body to her mouth, and by a single application of her teeth, the black juices and blood with which it was filled gushed over her face and neck, while the long sucking arms of the fish in the convulsive paroxysm of the operation were writhing about her head like the snaky hairs of a Medusa."

Let us turn to another description of food, uncommon to us, but affording luxurious repasts to other nations. Locusts have been eaten from remote antiquity; the Arabs mix them with dough, and make excellent cakes of them. The Hottentots get fat upon them, and prepare from their eggs a brown or coffee-colored soup. In the Mahratta country they are salted, and in Barbary they are preferred by the Moors to pigeons. The latter usually boil them in water for half an hour, throwing away the head, wings, and legs; sprinkling them with salt and pepper, and frying them, adding a little vinegar. At Natal the locusts are collected in the evening in sacks by millions, and afterward steamed in closed vessels over a fire, then dried in the sunshine, and, after being freed from their legs and wings by a kind of winnowing, are stored in baskets in the granaries like corn. The dried locust is ground to powder between stones, and converted into a kind of porridge with water. It appears that the Caffres grow quite fat in the locust season. Dr. Livingstone tells us in his South African travels that, for want of other food, he was compelled to eat locusts; and, strange to say, when roasted, he preferred them to shrimps!

Some entomologists tell us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds, and spiders of nuts. However this may be as regards the former, we are told that large quantities of spiders nearly an inch long were eaten by the Caffres, and by the French colony of New Caledonia. In Europe there are instances of spiders exciting a kind of gourmand taste. Reaumur gives an instance of a young lady who never saw a spider without catching and eating it. A clever woman—Anna Maria Schurman—used to eat spiders like nuts, as regards the cracking process, and excused her propensity by saying that she was born under the sign Scorpio. Lalande, the famous astronomer, was particularly fond of spider food; and a German is mentioned by Rozel who used to spread spiders upon bread-and-butter, observing, in his imperfect knowledge of English, "that he found them very useful."

Humboldt tells us that he has seen Indian children drag out of the earth centipedes eighteen inches long, and more than half an inch broad, which they ate with eagerness. Insects' eggs are eaten by the Arabs and Mexicans; grubs of insects in the West Indies by both white and black men, who empty, wash, and roast them. The Mexican Indians prepare a liquor from a beetle, which has stimulating properties.

Humboldt mentions ants as being eaten by the Marivitunos and Margueratares, qualified with resin as a sauce. Bees are eaten in Ceylon. It is probably bad taste to allude to the mites in myriads that we consume in our cheese. The grub of the palm-weevil, which is the size of a thumb, is a favorite dish in some parts of India. Ælian relates of an Indian king who, for a dessert, instead of fruit, set before his guests a roasted worm taken from a plant (probably the larva of this insect), which was thought very delicious.

SONGS OF INSECTS.

CONTRARY to the general law respecting vocal sounds, which are produced by forcing air from the lungs through the larynx, or vocal box—that protuberance about the middle of the throat—all the sounds made by insects are elaborated by a distinct organ entirely different from the vibration of elastic cords. Usually their music is made by rubbing one hind-leg across the other in a kind of fiddle-bow action. An intensely shrill note is thus produced that is heard at a great distance. Some have an elementary drum-barrel between the shoulders, on the back, where levers act on the principle of drumsticks on a tense membrane. In short, the variety of mechanical methods made use of by nature for enabling the male to announce his presence in the neighborhood at the proper season for insuring the next-year generation of the family are extremely diversified and extraordinary. As none of them breathe by a tube passing down the neck, but by small orifices in the sides of their bodies, there are no lungs, and consequently no bellows to blow out air for creating sound.

A few insects chafe one wing against the other, which vibrates into a clear sound the females recognize. We know just enough of entomological science to make it certain there is much more to learn. Their habits, instincts, paternal solicitude for the young, their metamorphoses, and the economy they pursue for the perpetuity of a race, unimportant as they may appear in the great scheme of Creative Wisdom, open a broad field for future exploration.